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THE UNITED STATES,

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DURING 1849 AND 1850.

BY THE

LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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THESE VOLUMES ARE DEDICATED

TO THE

COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD,

BY

HER MOST AFFECTIONATE COUSIN,

THE AUTHORESS.

101493

PREFACE.

I LEFT England fully determined against writing a book of travels, nay, I would not even keep a Journal during our wanderings, lest I should be tempted to jot down, and ultimately to publish, my impressions of the society and institutions in those countries which it was our good fortune to visit; but since our return to England, friends, to whose better judgment I am bound to defer, have pressed me so strongly to print the letters which I had written during our excursion, that I have consented to do so after adding somewhat, to give them the usual narrative form, and dividing them into chapters. This will account for the familiar tone of the Work, and for occasional repetitions.

For the politician or philosopher these

pages will, I fear, have little or no interest; written familiarly to relatives and friends at home, their staple is the gossip of travel; and if they amuse that large class to whom gossip is welcome, and tend in any way to strengthen kindly feelings in the breasts of my English readers towards the people from whom their wandering countrywoman received so much and such constant courtesy and hospitality, I shall not regret giving to the world this Work.

Belvoir Castle,
April, 1851.

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&c.

IN 1849–50.

CHAPTER I.

ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK.— FIRST VIEW OF BROADWAY. — SUMMER COSTUME OF THE LADIES.—DESCRIPTION OF NEW YORK. —ITS SUBURBS AND ISLANDS. — ITS FORTIFICATIONS. — PREPARE TO START FOR NIAGARA.

THE Bay of New York looked beautiful on the morning of our arrival (May 16th, 1849). It was a bright, warm, splendid morning; the sun shone gloriously, and the sky reminded me of Italy. We took leave of Captain Judkins, the obliging and excellent captain of "The Canada;" but before we went on shore, we witnessed the disembarkation of the mails—it is quite an interesting spectacle. There were about thirty thousand letters — white-winged

messengers of peace!—one could not but rejoice at the sight. Those numerous letters of business, of friendship, of mutual interest, seemed so many links uniting the two countries in a concord not to be easily, if ever, broken.

One of the first things that struck us on arriving in the city of New York—the Empress City of the West—was, of course, Broadway. It is a noble street, and has a thoroughly bustling, lively, and somewhat democratic air. New York is certainly handsome, and yet there is something about it that gives one the idea of a half-finished city, and this even in Broadway itself; for the street was literally littered with all imaginable rubbish which, we should imagine from appearances, is usually shot in that celebrated thoroughfare; indeed it seems a sort of preserve for this species of game. Piles of timber, mounds of bricks, mountains of packing-cases, pyramids of stones, and stacks of goods, were observable on all sides. The New Yorkers themselves grumble much at the inconvenience, and their newspapers often contain pathetic remonstrances with the authorities, for allowing such obstructions to crowd the thoroughfare.

Besides this, it appears from their published

complaints, that their streets are very much too often torn up for sewage purposes, &c., and, in short, that this tiresome performance is frequently *unnecessarily encored*, without their consent, and certainly to their manifest inconvenience. They ask if their time is to be taken up (as their streets are) continually, by having to stop every two or three steps, and sit down on the next door-step to take the paving-stones out of their boots? Cart-loads of these same paving-stones, adding to the confusion, were to be seen on all sides, and sometimes felt, as our handsome, heavy, crimson-velvet-lined, hired vehicle (rather a warm-looking lining for New York, near the beginning of June), swayed from side to side, and rolled and rattled ponderously along.

We went to the Astor House, or rather Astor *Town*, for its size is prodigious: there we had comfortable bed-rooms, and a nice sitting-room; and we dined in private;—and I was glad to find no objection was made to this arrangement. There is a perfect colony of Irish at the Astor House; but till the accent betrayed them, I took the waiters, at first, for French or German, so carefully had they followed the example of their American fellow-citizens (of whom, be it remembered, I had

as yet beheld next to nothing), and were so be-bearded, imperialled, and, I believe, in many instances, mustachioed too, that Paddy seemed quite transmogrified into a "whiskered Pandoor or a fierce hussar," which seemed unnecessary for the peaceful occupation of laying knives,—not without forks,—and handing cream-ices.

What a glorious sunny day it was! We had a glimpse of busy Broadway from our windows. We soon saw some evidence of the warmth of a New York summer, in the profusion of light cool bonnets furnished with broad and deeply-hanging curtains, shading and covering the throat and part of the shoulders, —a very sensible costume for hot weather. The fashion, or the custom, just now seems to be for all the ladies to wear large white shawls. I never beheld such a number of white shawls mustered before, I think: the female part of the population seem all *vouée au blanc*. It had rather too table-clothy an appearance, and from its frequency, the snowy shawl became quite tiresome; besides, they made one think of "weird white women," sheeted spectres, and Abdel-Kader's scouring Arabs, in their "bernooses." This is, I dare say, however, only a temporary fancy; and

probably, when I return to New York, they (the shawls, not the wearers thereof) will all have been swept away, like so many light fleecy clouds, to the four winds of heaven.

I will say but little of New York itself now, as this is only a flying visit, and I shall return, ere long—merely observing, *en passant*, that everything around me betokens energy, industry, and prosperity, and also the impetuous go-aheadiness, which will hardly allow time for completing all that is begun, or for contriving that order and comfort which should keep pace with improvement and innovation.

New York is situated on Manhattan Island, at the confluence of the bright and beautiful Hudson, with the east river (or strait of Long Island). It is the centre of an imposing panorama, and is screened from the tumultuous ocean by an assemblage of intervening, protecting islands. Its harbour is safe, easy of access, very spacious, and is said to be capable of accommodating the combined navies of the world. This noble harbour occupies a sweeping circuit of twenty-five miles: on every side it is gracefully bounded by ever-varying scenery, country seats, and scattered hamlets, while the above-mentioned lovely islands shine like precious jewels on its radiant bosom.

The busy metropolis of the United States has almost constant communication, by steam and sailing-packets, with all the sea-ports of America, Asia, Africa, Europe, the East and West Indies, and the islands of the Pacific. Its progress in commerce, population, and wealth is indeed astonishing. The population in 1800 was 60,489; in 1820, 123,706; in 1840, 312,710; and in 1849, 400,000.

Manhattan Island is thirteen and a-half miles long from north to south, ranging from half a mile to somewhat more than two miles in width —the greatest width being at Eighty-eighth Street, and it contains about twenty-two square miles. Incessant communication is kept up between the city and its picturesque, prosperous, and rapidly increasing suburbs, by means of steam ferry-boats, the Harlem railroad, and omnibuses; the fares being exceedingly reasonable, and the accommodations extremely good.

In approaching New York from "The Narrows," one can hardly fail to be struck by the beauty of the bay: the scenery on its shore, as I have already mentioned, is very striking. The outer harbour, or bay, extends from the "Narrows" to Sandy Hook, where is a lighthouse at the distance of eighteen miles from

the city. In the harbour, adjoining the city, are Bedlow's, Governor's, and Ellis's islands, all of them strongly fortified. The first, and most important, includes seventy acres of ground, and is situated three thousand two hundred feet from the battery. Fort Columbus occupies its centre, and on the north-east point is Castle William, a round tower six hundred feet in circumference and sixty feet high, with three tiers of guns. There is a battery likewise, on the north-west side, commanding the entrance through Buttermilk Channel, a strait which separates it from Brooklyn, Long Island.

In addition to these fortifications, New York harbour is well defended by similar works on Bedlow's and Ellis's islands; at the Narrows, on the Long Island shore, by Fort Hamilton and Fort Lafayette (formerly Fort Diamond), which is built on a reef of rocks about two hundred yards from the shore; and on Staten Island, opposite, by Fort Tompkin and Fort Richmond. Here the "Narrows" is about two-thirds of a mile wide. The entrance from the Sound, on the East River, is defended by Fort Schuyler, on Throg's Neck.

So much for the defences of the great emporium and metropolis of the United States,

and so much for itself for the present—for I am off to the great Niagara. Every facility for our journey has been afforded us by the kindness of the English Consul and Mrs. Barclay, who have amiably given me all the necessary instructions, directions, &c. It may easily be guessed how eagerly I long to hear and see the waters of Erie, Superior, Huron, and Michigan, all thundering down one mighty steep in their awful greatness and power!

CHAPTER II.

DETAINED AT ALBANY.—WRECK OF THE "EMPIRE" STEAMER.—AMERICAN INDIFFERENCE TO HUMAN LIFE.—THE THEATRICAL RIOT AND MASSACRE CAUSED BY MR. FORREST'S JEALOUSY OF MACREADY.—SYMPATHY OF THE LADY FOR THE CAPTAIN OF THE "EMPIRE."—HIGH-SOUNDING NAMES OF TOWNS.—THE HUDSON.—HOTELS AT ALBANY.—DESCRIPTION OF ALBANY.

We came to the handsome town of Albany in a fast and beautifully-decorated steamer; but we might almost as well have been on board a slow one, as we find we cannot go on till to-morrow to Buffalo. The steamboats and railroads do not communicate as conveniently as they might do for travellers, and I hear this is done expressly to please the hotel-keepers, by forcing travellers to remain a night at Albany. I was much disappointed; and so full were my thoughts of the great cataract, that I might well expect to have a nightmare of Niagara to-night, which would not be a pleasant introduction, or preface of an introduction to "the Falls."

The Hudson is a beauteous river; but, in

the midst of its loveliness, it was very *triste* to come upon the wreck of the splendid "Empire" steamer, which was lost two nights before we started. I believe she ran foul of a large merchant vessel in the dark, and went down very shortly afterwards. Numbers of lives were lost; many dead bodies had been picked up, and as soon as they can penetrate into her sleeping cabins they expect to find many more. They were slowly attempting to raise the steamer when we passed.

Then was I a second time struck by the American indifference to human life, which I had before observed at New York. The first time, it was on occasion of the frightful massacre of citizens at the miserable theatrical row occasioned by Mr. Forrest's professional jealousy of our Macready. It seemed to excite wonderfully little horror, indignation, or regret. One or two of the newspapers kept up an agitation about the matter; but I do not think I have yet heard a single person stigmatize the shooting some five-and-twenty citizens on such an occasion, as uncalled for or severe. I have heard some say it was perfectly right; and that it was a pity so few nad paid the penalty of their misconduct; I heard even harsher things said than that, but forbear to

repeat them, lest it should be thought that I exaggerate.

After all, I believe most of those who suffered were merely idle spectators, drawn there by curiosity, or mixed by chance in the crowd. However, that is very often the case in less severe encounters between the mob and the preservers of order. When I expressed my horror at such a frightful massacre in the streets of a peaceful city, I found none to sympathise with such sentiments, if I except the columns of the *Herald*. In the crowded steamer, where one heard people talking over the topics of the day, I do not remember to have once heard the subject alluded to, though the affair had so recently happened. What a sensation would such a slaughter have excited in London!

When we passed the melancholy wreck of the ill-starred "Empire," whose fate had caused the destruction of so many lives, scarcely any one manifested any interest in the catastrophe. They sauntered to that side of the vessel in crowds—to look very indifferently, it appeared to me, at the mournful spectacle, as they might and would have done at any other sight. Yet in addition to the great number of corpses that had already been found, it was almost certain

that the still submerged cabins were so many coffins; and those who were prosecuting the melancholy search were constantly, we were told, finding fresh bodies in different parts of the vessel.

The only person who seemed to me at all to feel any commiseration and regret was a lady who stood near me, and all hers was reserved exclusively for the captain of the ill-fated steamer, who was her cousin, and who, however, was alive and safe. But, she said, some people blamed him, which was very hard, as it was no fault of his; and he had been quite "sick," she assured me, ever since, from the annoyance he had undergone. Thus the only one who was pitied, it seemed, was one who survived. She added, however, he was much shocked at all that had happened. It was really consolatory to hear, that there was such a thing as compassion, in this busy, go-ahead world of the west, for unfortunates, who had been so suddenly and unexpectedly launched into eternity; for one began, almost unconsciously, to lower even one's own opinion of the value of existence, and to think life a very twopenny-halfpenny possession after all. I will not be sure, however, but that what so shocked the captain, was the amount of pro-

perty lost; but I would not too curiously inquire touching the point, preferring to think the sorrow arose from more humane feelings.

Whence arises this indifference to human life in so flourishing and prosperous a community? One has always understood that existence is of little account in China, because the over-crowded, half-starved, hard-worked, oppressed, and tyrannized-over population, are so wretched in this world, that any change must, they feel, be a beneficial one for them; but how different is the case here? Yet true it is that they are tyrannized over by a very despotic taskmaster, and a very exacting and spirit-grinding ruler,—Mammon; and I can well imagine, that ceaseless toil in his service, with all the cares and troubles incident to it, must make a man find life somewhat of a wearisome burden. Indeed, money-getting, which is certainly in most countries a great business, appears here to me almost a battle. It seems as if they must win, do or die, and the dead on the field are trodden under foot by their eager comrades and competitors, hurrying onward, and having no time to stay, however they might be disposed. That they are a very kind-hearted people, I fully believe; but to make money seems a sort of duty in

America—the great object of living; and this paramount feeling, to a certain extent, like Aaron's rod, swallows up all the rest.

On our road to Niagara, to-morrow, we shall come to a great many very high-sounding places: Rome, Syracuse, Egypt, Athens, Geneva, Utica, Amsterdam, Batavia, and Palmyra, amongst them, I believe. A noble line of places indeed, and worthy of forming the road to the great, glorious Niagara, if their actual state, circumstances, and proportion harmonized with their pretensions. What a pity the Americans do not choose Indian names for their rising towns and cities, which are generally as sonorous and noble-sounding as they are impressive and poetical! Setting aside the inadequacy of the towns in general, for the present at least, to do justice to such splendid appellations, and the sometimes ridiculous juxtaposition in which they are placed with regard to each other (the most different, and distant, and hostile places in the Old World being forced into a sort of happy-family brotherhood in the New), in their immediate neighbourhood are too often found other flourishing villages and towns rejoicing in the very homely designations of Smithsville, Brownsville, Onion, Jacksonstown, &c. In one place I see they have an infant

Troy (not the one almost close to this place, but some diminutive rival)—then Highgate, Canaan, Guildhall, Milton, Hyde Park, and Columbia, are all tolerably near to one another; but I believe this is nothing to the greater incongruities which the West presents in its more out-of-the-way districts.

We were quite charmed with the extreme beauty of the Hudson and its banks, especially at West Point. I shall not go into any particulars on the subject till my return, but only say the river reminded me of the Rhine in many parts, *minus* the old feudal castles.

When we arrived at Albany we first tried a very handsome-looking hotel in a high situation, from whence I thought we should have a fine view, which our driver recommended, the one I had been advised to go to in New York being quite full. It was closed, and this, I suppose, our cunning driver knew right well, but it gave him the opportunity of asking about twice as much more for our short but rather steep drive, as we had paid for our passage the whole way from New York; the one being remarkably cheap, the other rather more remarkably dear. Of course we soon found another hotel, for Albany abounds with them. Here are some of their names—Stanwix Hall,

the American Hotel, the City, the Clinton, Columbian Congress Hall, Delawar House, Temperance Hotel, Eastern R. R. Hotel, Franklin House, Mansion House (where we are staying), United States Hotel, and Washington Hall.

The proprietor and people here are extremely civil and obliging, and we are very comfortable. The street in which our hotel is situated is particularly handsome; it is exceedingly wide, with excellent and very broad *trottoirs* (which they call here side-walks).

This town was founded by the Dutch in 1623, and called Fort Orange, and in 1686 it was chartered as a city. Next to Jamestown in Virginia, it was the earliest European settlement within the thirteen original States; it has not, however, at all an ancient air, at least as far as I have seen of it; but, in fact, it was almost entirely rebuilt not long ago; I believe after one of the dreadful fires so frequent in the United States.

When the English captured New York this town was named Albany, a compliment to the Duke of York and Albany, afterwards James the Second. Its position makes it necessarily a great thoroughfare: it is placed near the head of tide navigation, and on the direct line of communication from the east and the

south with the River St. Lawrence, with the Saratoga Springs, and with the country of the great Lakes.

The city has acquired great additional commercial importance since the completion of the Erie and Champlain canals: this has made it the *entrepôt* for a large proportion of the products of the state destined to the New York markets. A fine basin is constructed upon the river to accommodate this large trade: in this all the boats employed on the northern and western canals are received. This consists of part of the river included between the shore and a noble pier, whose proportions are magnificent. It is, indeed, a stupendous work, containing several acres, on which large stores have been built, where enormous quantities of "lumber," and other articles of trade are collected. Drawbridges connect it with the city.

The public buildings here are said to be handsome: the population is forty-five thousand, or thereabouts. The town appears very clean, and is altogether a very striking-looking, bustling, thriving, and admirably-situated place. The Capitol looks imposing at the head of State Street, one hundred and thirty feet above the Hudson.

CHAPTER III.

DIFFICULTY OF CONVEYING THE IMPRESSION CAUSED BY A FIRST VIEW OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA. — AN ATTEMPT TO DO SO. — THE FALLS DESCRIBED. — A THUNDER STORM OVER THE GREAT CATARACTS. — THE RAINBOW. — KINDNESS AND COURTESY OF THE AMERICANS. — THEIR SPIRIT OF ENTERPRISE. — LUXURIOUS APPOINTMENTS OF AMERICAN STEAMERS. — THE DIMENSIONS OF THE FALLS. — GOAT ISLAND. — QUANTITY OF WATER PRECIPITATED OVER THE FALLS. — GRAND AND NAVY ISLANDS.

We arrived at Niagara to-day from Buffalo, and put up at the Clifton House. It will not be expected that I should tell what my first feelings and impressions were on beholding this thrice-glorious cataract, for I hardly am, in the least, conscious of what they were myself. I only know this; it scarcely seemed to me at all like what any painting or any description had represented it to be, except only in the shape of the great Canadian Fall.

When the train we were in stopped, the roar of the cataract burst on our ears most majestically. It was a moment of intense excitement, and on we hastened, and stood very

shortly within a few feet of the verge of the American Fall, and looking on to the magnificent Horseshoe. There we were in the audience-chamber of the great Water King. If one saw the sun for the first time, could one describe it? Do not expect me yet to say anything of Niagara; at least anything to the purpose. The garrulous mood will very likely come on me presently; when, perhaps, I shall quite tire the reader with my rhapsodies, so that he may have cause to wish all my powers of expression were still frozen up by awe and admiration, like the notes in the horn, as related of Baron Munchausen.

What a wonderful thing can water become! One feels, on looking at Niagara, as if one had never seen that element before. Were I to try and tell what I felt at my second and third look at the Mighty Wonder, I think it was still confusion and bewilderment, mingled with a slight disappointment at the apparent height of the cataract, and very much the reverse with regard to the general features and breadth; and now I can most truly say it is far more magnificent than I had anticipated it to be, though my expectations were of the very highest order.

For the spray (I can already find courage to

speak of that)—it is what enchants me the most in the whole stupendously magnificent scene. It is a very stormy windy day, carrying the huge columns of that beauteous spray to an immense height, so it is seen to the greatest advantage. I think it sometimes seems really celestial! it looks like something not of this world. This hotel is very close to the Falls, and, as I write, I have only to look up, to see them. The noise is extremely fine, like the stormy roaring of a tempest-shaken sea, only the sound is more measured, and conveys an idea of a calm, kingly defiance, altogether inexpressibly grand and solemn.

Besides feeling as if it were a presumption to attempt to write about Niagara, thus in its overpowering presence as it were, I find it very difficult to write at all now, as I am drawn to the window and balcony constantly (whence one sees both falls fully), by the irresistible fascination of this most wonderful water; and the changes that take place almost momentarily are a source of great interest. At one time it looks enveloped and almost hidden in spray; an instant afterwards, perhaps, it shines forth fully revealed; now it seems covered with gloom, and looks black and frowning, and full of wrath and terror; and now the sun (which

alone appears worthy to be its comrade and compeer) breaks forth, and makes it all one glory.

V—— is enchanted, and independently of the intense enjoyment Niagara affords her, she is delighted to find herself once more in the country, where all looks beautifully green and fresh. Her bed-room window opens on the American Fall. I went there just now, to have a view from that side, and I cannot tell how much one delights in the immense variety and diversified points of view these matchless cataracts present.

Though I have been here so short a time, I think I have already seen them display a hundred different aspects. From V——'s window I saw a wonderfully beautiful rainbow on the water; one-half of the American Fall was in deep shadow, and the other in dazzling sunlight. A small cloud was just passing over the sun above it.

I must now—the first overpowering impression having been conquered—try to speak a little of what I think and feel about this glorious Fall. But what language could ever do justice to its more than magnificence? It seems to belong really to some grander world, of more gigantic proportions and sublimer features than our own.

Before I came here, I erroneously supposed that one should be immensely struck, and overpowered, and enchanted at first, but that afterwards there would be a certain degree of monotony attached to that unvarying sublimity, which I wrongly believed to be the great characteristic of Niagara. But, how miserably did I do it injustice! Perhaps the most peculiar and transcendent attribute of this matchless cataract, is its almost endless variety. The innumerable diversities of its appearance, the continual countless rapid alterations in its aspect; in short, the perpetually varying phases which it displays, are indeed wondrous and truly indescribable. This is a great deal owing to the enormous volumes of spray which are almost incessantly shifting and changing their forms like the clouds above. Niagara, indeed, has its own clouds, and they not only give it the great charm and interest of an ever-beautiful and exquisite variety, but also environ it with a lovely and bewildering atmosphere of mystery, which seems the very crown of its manifold perfections and glories.

Niagara has its changes like the sea, and in its lesser space circumscribed, they seem fully as comprehensive and multitudinous. I have dwelt long on this, because I do not remember

to have seen this mighty and transcendant feature of Niagara particularly noticed in any of the descriptions I have ever read of it, and it has most especially delighted and astonished me.

We were so very fortunate as to have a tremendous thunder-storm here on Tuesday night, and it may be guessed what a tremendous thunderstorm *must* be here! The heavens seemed literally opening just over the great cataracts, and the intensely vivid lightning, brighter than day, lit up the giant Falls, and seemed mixed and mingling with the dazzling mountains of spray, which then looked more beautiful and beatific than ever. It was a wild windy night, as if all the elements were revelling together in a stormy chaotic carnival of their own, till it really presented altogether a scene almost too awfully magnificent.

The deafening roar of the crashing thunder was yet louder than the roar of the cataract, and completely appeared to drown it while it lasted; but the moment the stormy roll of the thunder died away, it was grand indeed to hear again the imposing, unceasing sound of Niagara —like the voice of a giant conqueror uttering a stunning but stately cry of victory. Then soon the bellowing thunder broke forth again, fiercer and louder than before; and oh, the

lightning! it seemed like a white-winged sunbreak when it blazed on the snowy glare of the ever-foaming cataracts.

I hardly ever saw before such dazzling lightning; and those reverberating peals of Niagara-out-voicing thunder were truly terrific, and appeared quite close. Heaven and Earth seemed shouting to one another in those sublime and stupendous voices; and what a glorious hymn they sang between them! At first, the lightning was only like summer flashes, and it kept glancing round the maddened waters as if playing with them, and defying them in sport; but, after a little while, a fearful flash, updarted really like a sudden sun, behind the great Horse-shoe Fall, and the whole blazed out into almost unendurable light in a moment. The storm continued during the whole night.

From our drawing-room windows we have a magnificent view of the Horse-shoe Fall, and almost the whole of the American one besides: and what a sublime pomp and pageant of Nature it is! What a thrilling, soul-stirring sight; and, ever new and ever changing, and eternally suggesting fresh thoughts, fresh feelings and emotions. Just now, a violent gust of wind drove a huge cloud of spray quite on

our side of the Canadian Falls, and it was hovering between the two glorious cataracts like a mighty, suspended avalanche, till it dispersed. This transcendently beautiful spray is generally most brilliantly white, like sunlit snow. We saw a vast resplendent rainbow on the water itself on Tuesday afternoon, of colours quite unimaginably bright, and we had a marvellously glorious sunset last evening. There were flaming, blood-red reflections on the rocks, trees, and islands; but the most delicate suffusions only, of a rich soft rose colour, rested on the fantastic forms of the matchless spray—as if it softened and refined everything that came near it, and made all that touched it as rare and exquisite as its own etherialized self. He who has not seen, can have no idea of the absorbing nature of the admiration excited in one's mind by this surpassing and astounding marvel of creation: I feel quite enthralled and fascinated by it, and time seems to fly by at an electric-telegraph pace here, while I am watching it.

I feel so rooted and riveted to this spot by the unutterable enchantments of this masterpiece of Nature, I can scarcely believe that two days have passed since I first arrived. One becomes here, indeed, utterly Niagarized;

and, the great cataract goes sounding through all one's soul, and heart, and mind, commingling with all one's ideas and impressions, and uniting itself with all one's innermost feelings and fancies. The sounds of the fall vary nearly as much as their aspect: sometimes very hollow, at other times solemn and full-toned, like an host of organs uttering out their grand voices together; and sometimes, as I heard it said, the other day, with a rolling kettle-drum, gong-like sound, in addition—as if it were a temporary and accidental accompaniment to their majestic oceanic roar. I have come *patriotically* to the British side, but not from any want of liking for the mighty neighbours of the Canadians.

Great injustice has been done to the Americans, and we have been accustomed too implicitly to believe the often unfair and unfounded reports of prejudiced travellers. Instead of discourteous and disobliging manners we find them all that is most civil and obliging. Amongst the less educated, no doubt, occasionally, some of the faults so unsparingly attributed to them, may be found; but they appear to me, as far as I have had any opportunity of judging as yet, a thoroughly hospitable, kind-hearted, and generous-minded people.

And then, what a noble enterprising people they are! What miraculous progress and improvement is visible on every side in the United States. One town we came through, Buffalo, was, fifteen years ago, I was told, a mere Indian village: it is now a mighty city. Albany is also a magnificent town; the streets are strikingly broad and straight;—the *trottoirs* are about the width of Dover Street! The steamers on the Hudson are perfect palaces, and *fairy* palaces to boot! being the most delicate and finished creations of art and fancy you can imagine; larger than the far-famed "Great Britain," and apparently lighter than the rainbowed coracle of a nautical sylph: a floating island of painting, marble, gilding, stained glass, velvet hangings, satin draperies, mirrors in richly-carved frames, and sculptured ornaments, with beautiful vases of flowers, Chinese lamps of various indescribable fantastic forms, arabesques, chandeliers,—in short, you might fancy yourself in Haroun Alraschid's palace.

It was very agreeable, steaming along in the Bucentaur-beating vessel, and looking on the fine scenery of the lovely Hudson, in the most charming warm, soft, sunny weather. And now the potent wondrous magnet, the mighty mystery that mortals call Niagara, draws me

to the windows, and I *must* go and watch that world of wonders. By the way, what a fortunate thing it was that the noble old Indian name was retained for *this*. How distracting it would have been, to have had it named Smith's-fall, or Patch's-plunge.

It rains a little now, and the vast black clouds hovering near the snowy spray, have a truly noble and striking effect; like the Shadowy Angel, Death, about to bound on his Pale Courser; but everything is noble and beauteous here! there is scarcely a cloud in the sky that does not pay its tribute, and fling its fresh fairy-gift on these magical waters. I have, as yet, seen nothing of moonlight and starlight on them.

We see, constantly, a small steamer, called "The Maid of the Mist," going almost close to the foot of the Falls. The river Niagara forms the outlet of the waters of Lake Erie, and of all the great Upper Lakes, which, together with Erie and Ontario, are estimated to contain nearly one half the fresh water on the surface of the globe! At the distance of about three-fourths of a mile above the Falls, the river begins a rapid descent, making, within this distance, a constant succession of slopes, equal to about fifty-two feet on the American side, and fifty-seven on the Canadian. It forms

an impetuous current just above the Falls, and turns a right angle to the north-east, and then its width becomes suddenly contracted, from three miles to three-quarters of a mile. The river's depth below the cataract exceeds three hundred feet. Goat, or Iris Island (containing somewhere about seventy-five acres) divides the gigantic cataract into two parts, but on the western, or British side, is the principal channel. The channel between Goat Island and the eastern shore is also divided by a small island.

The noble river falls perpendicularly over the precipice from a hundred and seventy to two hundred feet. The Horse-shoe, or Crescent, Fall is so called from its shape : it looks to me like a mighty scooped-out throne for some King of the oceans of a hundred worlds. In the eastern channel, between Goat and Luna Islands, the stream's breadth is only about ten yards : it forms a lonely, separate cascade, and assists one to form a due estimate of the enormous width of the awful cataracts thundering near it.

Between Luna Island and the shore, with a comparatively shallow stream, the descent of the fall is said to be greater by several feet than at the Horse-shoe Fall. An inge-

niously constructed bridge connects Goat Island with the shore, from whence you have an excellent view of the Rapids; indeed the bridge crosses the American branch of the river in the midst of them. You look on your right hand, and there is the roaring American Fall almost close to you.

Goat Island is a gem of beauty, and its lovely foliage and bowery walks seem to charm away a little of the overpowering awfulness from its tremendous neighbour. It is said that if, as is supposed, the cataract has backed all the way from Queenstown, it must have taken about forty thousand years for it to recede to its present situation.

The quantity of water precipitated over the Falls is estimated by Professor Dwight to be 11,524,375 tons per hour; by Darby at 1,672,704,000 cubic feet per hour, and by Pickem at 113,510,000, or 18,524,000 cubic feet a minute.

Among the islands which diversify the surface of the Niagara river, is Grand Island, which contains 18,000 acres of good and fertile soil, covered with rich forests. Navy island is another, and it terminates in a beautiful point about a mile and a-half above the Fall.

CHAPTER IV.

PORT TALBOT.—CANADIAN CARRIAGES.—VAST EXTENT OF AMERICAN WOODS.—THE HOTEL AT PORT STANLEY—LAKE ERIE.—MR. A—— AND HIS FAMILY.—COL. TALBOT, THE "LAST OF THE MOHICANS."—INSTANCE OF THE MEMORY OF NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.—ANOTHER STORY OF THE SAME KIND.—A RECURRENCE TO NIAGARA.—A SECOND THUNDER-STORM.—AMERICAN FORESTS.—LAKE ERIE BY SUNSET.—THE MAPLE AND THE SUGAR MADE FROM IT.—COLDNESS OF CANADIAN WINTERS.

We arrived at Port Talbot, Canada West, a day or two ago from Niagara, where we stayed a fortnight. This is a delightful place. We went back to Buffalo, then crossed a part of Lake Erie (we were a day and a night on board the steamer "London"), and, landing at Port Stanley, we had some refreshments at the little hotel there, where we were well taken care of by the particularly attentive and obliging proprietors; and then we came on in a hired carriage through beautiful woods to this beautiful spot.

The road, however, was not equally beautiful, and we broke down, which, apparently not un-

foreseen accident, our driver took very unconcernedly and philosophically, and immediately set about repairing the damage. A carriage breaking down is of little moment indeed in the woods of Canada, where they are usually of a tough and rough kind, and where the charioteer (who, I believe, is generally expected to be somewhat experienced in this way) speedily rectifies the injury by cutting down the first likely tree by the road side, and adapting it to his purpose by some "rough and ready" kind of craft.

In this instance I had little doubt but that our damaged vehicle would come out of the hands of our Jehu nearly, if not quite, as good as new; for its "build" was such, that he might very probably have been himself the coachmaker originally, as well as coach-driver and coach-breaker. We were soon jolting and pitching along as merrily as ever, and arrived without any bones broken, as we flattered ourselves, at the hospitable door of Port Talbot. Its kind and friendly proprietor, with Colonel and Mrs. A——, his nephew and niece, received us with the most amiable cordiality, and we are quite enchanted with the place.

The house is beauteously situated on a high bank close to Lake Erie, of which I have a magnificent view from my window. Within

view of the house (which has splendid groups of trees close to it) stretch away mighty woods, which probably continue without interruption, except from the lakes and the strides of American civilization in Michigan and Wisconsin, to the very shores of the Pacific. I could not have "realized" such enormous worlds of woods as I have even already seen, without beholding them with my own eyes.

On our way from Port Stanley here, we passed numbers of neat, newly-erected wooden houses of emigrants, looking generally very comfortable, and occasionally exceedingly pretty; with the bright cheerful-looking clearings about them, and the grandeur of the fine sombre old forests stretching away around them, as if to shut out the every-day *worldly* world. Colonel and Mrs. A—— have made this house delightfully comfortable, and there is an air of true English comfort and of that indescribable refinement, which the gorgeously-furnished saloons and chambers of the hotels we have lately been at, in New York, and other places, did not possess. Everything is in the perfection of good taste. The drawing-room is a most charming apartment, with large windows reaching down to the ground, presenting a lovely view of that fresh-water sea, Lake Erie.

My own room is really quite luxuriously appointed in some particulars: first and foremost with regard to some splendid decorations and draperies of beautiful old Greek lace, which our fair hostess brought with her from the Ionian Islands, where she had resided for some time (what a change, from such an ancient world as grand old Greece, to this grand young one, Canada!), but there is nothing gaudy, and nothing that looks out of place here or unsuited to the general character of simplicity of the house, owing to the exquisite arrangement of all the subordinate parts, and the graceful tact with which everything has been ordered and contrived.

The amiable lady of the house tells me she went through a great deal of discomfort when they first established themselves here, which I can readily believe; but she seems to make a capital and very contented emigrant now. Her charming children—one or more of whom are little Greeks, that is, born in Corfu—seem to have suffered nothing from the rigour of a Canadian winter, and they appear thoroughly to enjoy a Canadian summer. Colonel Talbot does not live in this house, but in a sort of shanty, which agrees extremely with my idea (probably a very imperfect one) of an Indian

wigwam, close by. He is going, almost immediately, to rebuild it, and make a good-sized comfortable house of it.

His life has been replete with adventures, since he came out here as a settler between forty and fifty years ago. He has performed almost prodigies here, and possesses immense tracts of country in these wild regions. In former days, he used to milk his own cows, and drive them home from their pasturing places, for many miles sometimes; and besides, he did all the household work in his establishment; cooked, churned butter, washed, &c. His energy and perseverance were finally rewarded with great success; and he is lord of almost a principality here, and of a very flourishing one, apparently, too. He tells me he is in reality "the last of the Mohicans," having been adopted many years ago into this gallant tribe, and called by them by an Indian name, which I will not attempt to spell. He told me a remarkable instance of the accurate memory of the North American Indians. It seems that, having been away, and not having seen any of the tribe for a great many years, one day, on his return, he met an Indian, whom he did not in the least recognise, but who, the moment he saw him, repeated softly

his Indian name in the usual, calm, impressive manner of the red man.

Another story, not of a Mohican, but of a gentleman, apparently quite as cool in his proceedings, amused me much. It appears, some years ago, the Colonel called to his servant to bring him some warm water for shaving purposes. The servant did not answer; and after repeatedly calling in vain, Colonel Talbot ascertained at length that the man had marched off, having, I believe, spoken before of feeling discontented where he was, but without giving any reason to think he would shake the dust of Port Talbot from his shoes so suddenly. Some years afterwards, Colonel Talbot one morning called for warm water, and in walked the truant, most demurely, jug in hand, and proceeded to take upon himself all his once repudiated valet duties, in the most quiet and regular manner imaginable, as if he had never been absent from his post for an hour. He alluded not to what had occurred; nor did Colonel Talbot. The Mohican could not easily surpass that, I think, in coolness and self-possession, and Colonel Talbot, too, was evidently not made one of the tribe for nothing. It reminds me of a Yankee story of a man who sent his young son for a log to put

on the fire. The son brought a mere stick, and papa whipped him; so the young gentleman went out again for a large log, and — never returned; at least not till twenty-five years afterwards, when, one evening, the choleric, corporal-punishment-loving old gentleman, was calling to one of his grandsons to bring in a "large log for the fire," and in stalked son number 1, 2, or 3, as the case might be, who had so unconscionably absented himself, with a Brobdignagian log in his dexter hand. The old gentleman looked quietly up, examined the log, threw it carelessly on the fire, and then addressed his returned runaway:— "*This* 'ere log 'll do; but you 've been a darned long time a-fetching it."

Let me go back to Niagara. The reader may imagine our good fortune; we had a second thunder-storm there, far finer than the first. It continued through the whole night, and the lightning was unspeakably terrific, like a long succession of rising suns behind the falls, dazzling, bewildering, almost blinding it was; but most inconceivably, incommunicably glorious. A church was struck not far off, and severely damaged. V—— is much afraid generally, during a thunder-storm; but we both fortunately happened to think

it was sheet lightning (for till it comes very near, you cannot hear the thunder for the chorus of the cataracts). But for this I think she would have been much alarmed, for the sight was awfully tremendous.

As it was, she even ventured to look at it from the balcony. How almost supernaturally sublime it looked! Between all the flashes, for a moment or two it was pitchy dark; then, when out-leaped the piercing lightning, the cataracts burst into full view, instantaneously of course, in all their overwhelming majesty and grandeur. V—— exclaimed that it looked like Vesuvius in vast eruption (which she saw last year), hovering and blazing over Niagara; and really it was a very fair simile, if you can imagine an intermittent Vesuvian eruption.

I think, next to Niagara, I admire these enormous forests, with their wild wondrous luxuriance of foliage, of every exquisite shade of the most lustrous and resplendent green: they are sublime. Lake Erie looked splendid in a very fine sunset the other evening. It seemed almost paved with many-coloured jewels, and long bars of light, of divers and brilliant hues, crossed it. At another time, it appeared strewn all over, from the horizon to

the shore, with myriads of all sorts and species of roses!

Amongst the many beauteous trees here, I have admired much the sugar maples. By the way, I tasted some of the sugar the other day, and thought it excellent. In tea or coffee I should not know it from the cane sugar; but alone, it tastes, I think, very much like sugar-candy. The children had a little picnic in the woods. V—— was superlatively happy, superintending various cookings and contrivings.

Our charming hostess says this place is so cold in the winter, that even with an enormous fire in the room, her ink has frozen in the inkstand while she has been writing a letter. I suppose this is owing to the isolated situation of the house, and to the immense forests almost contiguous to it, for I believe no such intensity of cold (or very rarely) is experienced in the cities and towns of Canada.

CHAPTER V.

RETURN TO NEW YORK. — COURTESY AND HOSPITALITY OF THE AMERICANS.—BUTTERFLIES AND HUMMING-BIRDS.—RAILROADS THROUGH AMERICAN FORESTS.—RAPID PROGRESS OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION. — PORT STANLEY. — CAPTAIN BAWBEE. — DESCRIPTION OF BUFFALO.—TRADING FACILITIES OF THAT CITY. —THE UNITED STATES' MILITARY ACADEMY.—MONUMENT TO KOSCIUSKO. — HIS GARDEN. — WEST POINT. — THE TRAITOR ARNOLD AND MAJOR ANDRÉ. — CONSTITUTION ISLAND. — OPPRESSIVE HEAT OF THE WEATHER.

We again find ourselves, on the 25th June, in the busy, stirring, populous, go-ahead State of New York. We have suffered much from the heat: it was really intense during our journey. The number of people who are said to have died from the effects of *coup de soleil* here, is quite extraordinary.

I like the Americans more and more: either they have improved wonderfully lately, or else the criticisms on them have been cruelly exaggerated. They are particularly courteous and obliging; and seem, I think, amiably anxious that foreigners should carry away a favourable impression of them. As for me, let

other travellers say what they please of them, I am determined not to be prejudiced, but to judge of them exactly as I find them; and I shall most pertinaciously continue to praise them (if I see no good cause to alter my present humble opinion), and most especially for their obliging civility and hospitable attention to strangers, of which I have already seen several instances.

I have witnessed but very few isolated cases, as yet, of the unrefined habits so usually ascribed to them; and those cases decidedly were not among the higher orders of people; for there seems just as much difference in America as anywhere else in some respects. The superior classes here have almost always excellent manners, and a great deal of real and natural, as well as acquired refinement, and are often besides (which perhaps will not be believed in fastidious England) extremely distinguished-looking. By the way, the captains of the steam-boats appear a remarkably gentlemanlike race of men in general, particularly courteous in their deportment, and very considerate and obliging to the passengers.

I must not forget to mention the delight with which, at Port Talbot, we beheld some beautiful humming-birds flying about in the garden, and

such gorgeous butterflies; it was quite a pleasure to look at them! It seemed so strange to see these tropical-looking humming-birds fluttering about amid the bowers and trees, that we know are doomed to be stripped of all their beauty by the icy terrors of the severe Canadian winter. But these little, delicate, diminutive, winged "flowers of loveliness" migrate. They leave the winter behind them: those lovely, tiny, glittering, wings bear the little feathered miniatures to the sunny south, to revel among magnolias and roses, when here all is snow or storm.

Though we had a very hot journey from Buffalo to New York, yet we had the advantage, for a considerable part of the way, of going through charmingly shadowy forests. Railroads in the United States are not like railroads in other countries, for they fly, plunging through the deep umbrageous recesses of these vasty, widely-spreading woods, whose sweeping verdure-loaded boughs, go arching and branching about the "cars" in all directions, shedding a deep, delicious, intensely-green light around, which bathes everything and everybody in a sea of molten emerald, and is excessively refreshing to the passengers' eyes, though eminently unbecoming to the said passengers'

complexions; for they all look there exactly as if they were playing at "snap dragon," and the very ruddiest and most rubicund turn to a sort of livid, ghastly, plague-struck looking green; but this may serve to give you an idea, peradventure (and, I assure you, not an exaggerated one), of the cool, and verdant, and deeply-tinted reflections from these overshadowing masses of forests.

Every thing in nature and art almost seems to flourish here. Schools, universities, manufactories, societies, institutions, appear spreading over the length and breadth of the land, and all seem on such a gigantic scale here too! Lakes, forests, rivers, electric telegraphs, hotels, conflagrations, inundations, rows, roads, accidents, tobacco, juleps, bowie knives, beards, pistols, &c.! moderation or littleness appear not to belong to America, where Nature herself leads the way and seems to abhor both, showing an example of leviathanism in every thing, which the people appear well inclined to follow.

We were quite sorry to leave charming Fort Talbot. V—— intensely regretted the poultry, the picnics, the sweet pickaninnies, and the ponies, besides divers other bewitching delights; and I lamented over my beauteous bower of old Greek lace, my splendid view

of the lovely Lake Sea, and, above all, the kind friends who had made our sojourn there so exceedingly enjoyable.

We had an enchanting drive through the glorious forest on our return to Port Stanley in Mrs. A.——'s carriage, Colonel A—— driving us. It was very different from the bumping, thumping, break-bone, and break-down vehicle we had made our last little journey in through those noble woods. By the time we got to Port Stanley the steamer was ready to start; and after inquiring concerning the health of our kind hostess at the hotel, we put ourselves on board the "London," under Captain Bawbee's obliging care. This singular name is pronounced Baby, which had a rather curious effect when you heard it addressed to a very manly-looking and tall person, which the Captain of the good steamer "London" happened to be. Our voyage over, we stopped at Buffalo, which is situated at the north-east end of Lake Erie. It has altogether a commanding position as a place of business, being at the western extremity of the Erie Canal, and at the eastern termination of the navigation of those mighty lakes, Erie, Huron, and Michigan. The city is partly built on high ground, and commands extensive views

of the Lake, Niagara River, and the Canadian shore. Its population is about forty thousand. Main Street is a very handsome street, more than two miles long, and one hundred and twenty feet broad.

Buffalo has a court-house, a county clerk's office, a jail, and two markets, in the upper story of one of which is to be found the common council chamber and city offices. There are about twenty churches, several banks, a theatre, and numerous very excellent and capacious hotels. The one we were at, The Western, was an exceedingly good one, and we experienced there the greatest civility and attention.

A pier, extending fifteen hundred feet, on the south side of the mouth of Buffalo Creek (which creek forms the harbour of Buffalo), constitutes a substantial breakwater for the protection of vessels from the furious gales occasionally experienced there. There is a handsome lighthouse, forty-six feet high, and twenty in diameter, placed at the head of the pier, built of a yellow-tinged lime-stone.

Buffalo, from the trading facilities it enjoys by the canal and railroad, in connection with the lake navigation, is a great commercial mart, that lake navigation having an extent of some thousands of miles. With Albany it has com-

munication on the east by canal, and thence by a regular chain of railroads five hundred and twenty-five miles long, on with Boston. And on the north-east it is also connected by railroad with the Niagara Falls and Lewiston. What a mighty city will this most likely be twenty years hence!

We came from Albany in a rapid and beautiful steamer called "The Alida;" the day was almost insufferably hot, and the quantity of ice-water consumed by the passengers was truly prodigious. We took up some very military-looking students at West Point, from "the United States Military Academy" there. Their uniform was handsome, though very simple, and they were as upright as Prussian soldiers. The academy was established in 1802. There are, I understand, two stone barracks, a building for winter exercises, two hundred and seventy-five feet long; a gothic building, one hundred and fifty feet long, with three towers for astronomical apparatus, and an observatory; a chapel, an hospital, a mess-hall; seventeen separate dwellings for officers connected with the institution; workshops, cavalry-stables, store-rooms, laboratory, and a magazine, with various other buildings, including twenty-five dwellings, for families belonging to the

establishment. There is a monument on the grounds, erected to Kosciusko, by the cadets, at an expense of five thousand dollars. On the river bank is "Kosciusko's garden," whither the Polish chief was wont to retire for meditation or study.

West Point was one of the most important fortresses during the great Revolutionary War: it was considered the key of the country, as it commanded the river, which admitted vessels of heavy burden as far as Hudson, and hindered the English from holding communication with Canada. The English commanders, on this account, were very desirous of obtaining it, and its surrender was to have been the first fruit of the treason of Arnold; but in this he was baulked by the arrest of the unfortunate Major André.

On the east shore, opposite to West Point, is "Constitution Island," where are the ruined remains of a fort, erected during the Revolution. A huge chain was extended from the island to West Point, to obstruct the passage of the river by the troops. Part of this identical chain is said to be shown now at West Point.

The scenery was extremely lovely all about there, — the Hudson Highlands wearing all

their sunny, summer beauty. One can hardly imagine that blackest of all demons, War, flinging his hideous shadow over such a charming, smiling, lovely prospect ; but what scene of beauty or gracefulness does he ever respect ?

A mile above West Point, is the "West Point Iron Foundry," which claims to be the most extensive establishment of the kind in the country. I think of going to Washington when this blazing weather moderates a little, taking, *en route*, Philadelphia and Baltimore. The thermometer here and in the neighbourhood has been 98° and 100°, they say, in the shade, and people declare it was never so hot in New York before,—at least not for many years. At Albany we found the heat, if possible, more oppressive : not a breath of air seemed stirring. Suddenly we hailed with delight a gentle movement of the light muslin curtain round the window, indicating a soft wind. V—— rushed to the window to inhale it, but as speedily rushed back again, declaring it was as hot as the air of ten furnaces. The present is a broiling morning : a sky like a great turquoise roof *on fire*, a sun like a hundred suns, a breathless clear atmosphere, without the least dream of anything that reminds you of air,—and there is a thun-

dering salute going on now (for what, I know not, unless they are saluting the sun, who certainly seems victorious over everything and everybody just now, striking down man and horse) which cruelly makes one think of "villanous saltpetre," and such hot compounds, when Wenham Lake ice, and the expedition to the North Pole, are the only fit and pleasant subjects for reflection at present.

CHAPTER VI.

BOSTON.—THE PARK.—THE TREMONT HOTEL. — ITS LUXURIOUS APPOINTMENTS. — MR. AND MRS. ABBOTT LAWRENCE. — THE "BOOK OF THE WORLD." — DESCRIPTION OF BOSTON; THE BRIDGES.—THEIR IMMENSE LENGTH.— THE WESTERN AVENUE. —BOSTON HARBOUR.—ANTICIPATED REJOICINGS ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.—BOSTON NEWSPAPERS AND REVIEWS.— SUPPLY OF WATER TO THE CITY.— ITS DOCKS AND WHARVES. — PUBLIC BUILDINGS.— THE STATE HOUSE.— THE CUSTOM HOUSE.—THE ATHENÆUM.—THE EXCHANGE AND THE LOWELL INSTITUTE.—THE CROWDED STORES.—CONSTANT ALARM OF FIRES.

On July 3rd we arrived at Boston, and took up our quarters at Tremont House.

Boston is a very handsome, very large, and very clean town, apparently kept in admirable order: it has a pretty little park, called by the modest name of "the Common," and a splendid State House, magnificently situated on Beacon Hill; this is a very imposing-looking structure, and crowns the height superbly. The town reminds me of an English one in many respects, but yet more of a Dutch one.

To-morrow they have a grand commemorative festival, in honour of their independence, and we, poor English, must make up our minds to hear them "Yankee-doodling," and "Hail-Columbiaing," all day long. I shall shut myself up pretty closely on the occasion to save my feelings of nationality, especially as I have no idea of seeing "the Crown of England" burnt in a fire-work and consumed to ashes, as it is announced in a pompous advertisement it is going to be, for the pleasing recreation of Brother Jonathan. I hope, I must confess, that just at that moment it will rain in torrents, and put out their very impertinent and presumptuous pyrotechnics without loss of time: the English crown thus may not be consumed to a cinder after all.

It will be suspected that I am exceedingly wroth against said Brother Jonathan just now! but it is a spite and anger confined exclusively to the 4th of July! and on the 5th I shall be quite friends with him again; nay, I almost think my fury may be hushed before the 4th itself dawns; though, if what I hear is correct of the immense and noisy excitement in general through the whole night preceding "Independence day," the lullaby will be of a rather rough description! But our American cousins

are such a good-humoured, kindly-dispositioned people, that I think one could not well be sulky with them long. *Apropos* of noise, — I believe, to keep our tempers a little, it would be a good plan to stuff our ears with cotton, and so be "*independent*," in our turn, of their uncivil serenadings, salutings, drummings, trumpetings, and fireworkings.

The Americans are very busy just now abusing the French for their Roman war: they call them cowards, and all sorts of hard names. As they are in this mood they might as well, for variety's sake, burn the Gallic liberty cap to-morrow instead of the crown of England. They are, evidently, very indignant at the anti-republican turn affairs are taking in France. However, France has become lately such a spinning, twisting-about volcanic teetotum, that who can guess what news the next steamer may bring out?

To-day is a beauteous day—not too hot, yet sunny-bright, and with a charming fresh breeze. We have comfortable, quiet, private apartments in this huge hotel: our drawing-room is a very nice one, and is quite away from all the bustle of visitors arriving and departing. The master, or rather masters (for there are two, if not more), are extremely civil; and the attendance is very

good. Finger-posts are placed in some of the passages to direct bewildered and foot-sore wanderers to their own rooms. I think a few light omnibuses might run on the different lines of passage with much profit. Immense as the hotel is, our apartments are so secluded that we hear but little noise, and suffer no inconvenience whatever from the house being very full. I have not yet dined one day in public since my arrival in America—it must be extremely unpleasant for ladies.

We have made acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Abbott Lawrence (Mr. Bancroft was good enough to give me letters to them at Lady J——'s request, as I had not the pleasure of knowing him); they leave America in October. They are most kind and friendly; he is one of the great merchant princes of this wonderful land, and a very distinguished man; and Mrs. Lawrence appears to be everything that is amiable and kind. Mr. Lawrence has just given me a very interesting book, called "The Book of the World:" it is replete with information, and is written nearly up to the present day, and it really seems to be almost what it *calls itself*, which is a pretty "considerable deal."

This good city of Boston is connected with

the surrounding country by bridges and artificial avenues, being built upon a peninsula of nearly three miles in length, with an average breadth of a mile, and with many elevations from fifty to one hundred and ten feet above the sea, giving the city a remarkably noble appearance, particularly, I am told, when beheld from the sea, which view of it I have not yet seen. The population is one hundred and twenty-five thousand. Its Indian name was Shawmut, but the first settlers called it Trimountain, from the three hills on which it is built.

Boston communicates with East Boston (formerly Noddle's Island) and Chelsea by means of steam ferry-boats, which ply regularly during the day. Amongst the most peculiar curiosities of the place are the bridges, which differ in their construction from any thing of their kind elsewhere, and their immense length and the lovely views they present, make them very interesting and attractive, especially to foreigners. With Roxbury, Boston is connected by the Neck which forms the peninsula on which the city is built. With Charlestown it is united by the Charles river, or Old Charlestown bridge, and by Warren-bridge. The former is one thousand four hundred and three feet long, forty-two in breadth, and cost more

than fifty thousand dollars. Warren-bridge is one thousand three hundred and ninety feet; breadth, forty-five. No toll is taken on these bridges: there was one formerly; but on their becoming State property it was done away with.

West Boston-bridge, leading to Old Cambridge, rests on one hundred and eighty piers, and, with causeway and abutments, is six thousand one hundred and ninety feet long. Craigie's or Canal-bridge, leading to Lechmere Point, in East Cambridge, is two thousand seven hundred and ninety-six feet long and forty feet broad: a branch extends from it to Prison Point, Charlestown, one thousand eight hundred and twenty feet long, and thirty-five feet wide. The Western avenue or mill-dam reaches from the foot of Beacon-street to Sewell's-point in Brookline. It is strongly constructed of stones and earth, and is a mile and a half long, and from sixty to one hundred feet broad.

This encloses about six hundred acres of flats, over which formerly the tide flowed. This enclosure is divided by a cross dam, which, aided by flood and ebb-gates, forms a receiving basin, producing thereby a great extent of water-power at all periods. This work cost about seven hundred thousand dollars.

Boston Free-bridge, to South Boston, is five hundred feet long, thirty-eight wide. South Boston-bridge, leading from the "Neck" to South Boston, is one thousand five hundred and fifty feet long; width, forty feet.* They are all well lighted by lamps, and in addition to them, numerous as they are, there are various railroad bridges or viaducts over the river. Does not Boston deserve to be called the City of Bridges?

It possesses one of the best harbours in the United States. The harbour extends from Nantasket to the city, and spreads from Nahant to Hingham, containing seventy-five square miles: it contains many islands, among them some beautiful ones: it is safe and spacious. The inner harbour has a depth of water sufficient for five hundred vessels of the largest class to ride at anchor in safety, with so narrow an entrance as scarcely to admit two ships abreast. Boston consists of three parts: Boston on the Peninsula, South Boston, and East Boston. The "Neck," or Isthmus, which formerly constituted the only connection of the Peninsula with the main land, still forms the main avenue to the city from the south. Boston

* These figures are taken from "Appleton's Railway Companion."

harbour is defended by Forts Independence and Warren, the latter of which is on Governor Island, and the former on Castle Island. The outside harbour is protected by a strong fortress on George's Island.

Of course sight-seeing to-morrow is out of the question, and from the moment when the sun rises on seas of sherry-cobblers and cataracts of mint-juleps, miles of flags, wildernesses of crackers, pyramids of edibles, mountains of lollypops, and monster-trains, and legions of little boys (and little girls, too, if my information be correct), who, I hear, generally shoot with pistols at friend, or foe, or each other, during the day, and frequently end by maiming themselves severely, — there will be no peace in Boston. But though I did not like their promised entertainment of fireworks, yet, when I recollect how abominably ill England behaved before she forced this country into a revolution, I can—nationality notwithstanding — rejoice with them a little in their joy at the return of the Anniversary of their Independence, and feel a slight something of their exuberant exultation, and, therefore, not only endure philosophically, but greet cordially, their festive demonstrations — except the fireworks and that thrice villanous and atrocious de-

vice. They stick in my throat terribly. I wonder whether it will rain to-morrow evening!

In my transatlantic travels, I do not feel so far away from home as I thought I should; the Cunard steamers are so regular and rapid in their passage, they are now generally here to the day they are expected. What a fast age we live in!

The American newspapers amuse me much; they are so unlike anything else of their kind. There are thirty-six newspapers published here, of which twelve are daily, the rest are semi-weekly and weekly. In addition to these, there are a good many reviews and magazines. "The North American Review" is, I believe, the most distinguished of the former.

Boston is capitally provided with water from Long Pond, now named Cochituate Lake. This lake covers an area of six hundred and fifty-nine acres, and drains a surface of eleven thousand four hundred acres. In some places it is seventy feet deep, and is elevated one hundred and twenty-four feet above tide-water in Boston harbour: the Boston reservoir, situated on Beacon-hill, covers an area of forty thousand feet. The water is brought in an oval aqueduct, in height six feet four inches, and five feet in width, laid in brick (with the hydraulic

cement), about fourteen miles and a half from Cochituate Lake to Brooklyn, where it discharges itself into a reservoir of thirty acres in extent.

The water from Brooklyn is forced by its own pressure through pipes of thirty and thirty-five inches in diameter, to the two reservoirs in the city; that on Mount Washington, at South Boston, which will contain a superficies of seventy thousand, and that on Beacon-hill, of thirty-eight thousand feet. When full, the latter will contain three millions of gallons. These reservoirs will deliver to the city of Boston ten-millions of gallons a day of the purest and best water. Wise Bostonians!

The entire cost of the construction I have heard will probably fall within three millions of dollars. Wise Bostonians! I say again: they will probably save that much in drugs and medicine ere many years pass over their heads. The doctors must be the only people who will suffer from this liberal supply of the pure element.

The docks and wharves surrounding the city form one of its distinctive features. There are about two hundred of them. Long Wharf is one thousand eight hundred feet long, and two

hundred feet wide, and contains seventy-six spacious stores. There are numbers of fine public buildings here. The State-house is among the finest: its foundation is one hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea. From the dome there is a splendid view of the city, the bay, with its lovely islands, and the wide expanse of surrounding country: the Bostonians boast that it is one of the finest views in the Union, if not in the world. The last is saying too much. Here the State legislature holds its annual session.

The new Custom House is handsome: it is in the form of a cross, and has very superb porticoes. The Court House is a fine building: the material is Quincy-granite. The Athenæum, in Beacon-street, has a library of about forty-five thousand volumes, and a rich cabinet of coins, medals, &c. The Exchange is a fine structure; it was finished in 1842. The Lowell Institute was founded by a Mr. Lowell, who died at Bombay, in 1836. He bequeathed about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the support of regular courses of popular and scientific lectures: by his will he provides for the maintenance and support of public lectures on natural and revealed religion, physics, chemistry, with their

applications to the arts, geology, botany, and other useful and interesting subjects. These lectures are all free; they are delivered from October to April, during which period four or five courses (of twelve lectures each) are usually delivered.

This town has a multitude of stores teeming with goods of every description, which are actually running over from their crammed and loaded shelves and counters, and often blockade the foot-pavements: they told us the people were so honest, that those unprotected goods, literally thrown at their feet, were never carried off; but I have seen complaints of the custom in the papers occasionally,—accounts, not of shoplifting exactly, but side-walk-lifting, with observations as to the impropriety of thus almost tempting poor people to be dishonest. I recollect, when I first visited Genoa, thinking art and fancy seemed to overflow there from the very windows of its stately palaces, so gorgeous were the richly-coloured paintings of saints, historical personages, and other subjects on their walls. Here, more suitably to the character of the people, it is industry and utilitarianism that can hardly be contained within bounds and limits.

There are constant alarms of fires here. I

think hardly a night has passed without our hearing the engines going full speed somewhere or other ; but in general it proves a false alarm, and after posting along in "hot haste," on finding all cool and quiet where they were bound to, they come deliberately back, to make the same little "promenade" again on the following night.

The first night, V—— and I were quite anxious to ascertain where the dreadful fire could be, for the engines went thundering through the streets at a terrific pace, making a prodigious noise : we soon found that we might sit up all night and every night at Boston, if we paid any attention to these gad-about engines taking their gallops about every half-hour.

CHAPTER VII.

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE. — MUSICAL TASTE OF THE NEW ENGLANDERS.—CHOLERA IN NEW YORK.—TRANSPARENCY OF THE AMERICAN ATMOSPHERE. — AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS. — THEIR PERSONALITIES. — A SIGNAL INSTANCE. — MRS. S. M —— OF NEW YORK AND HER FAMILY. — MISS G—— OF BOSTON. — THE LOUD TALKING ASCRIBED TO AMERICAN LADIES. — THE TOWN OF GLOUCESTER.—ITS TRADE.

On the 27th July we came to Cape Ann Pavilion, Gloucester, Massachusetts. The place is truly charming. The hotel is almost in the sea, like a very huge and gaily-decorated bathing machine—(the only one here by the way!) There is a wide, beautiful covered verandah all round the house; then comes a *wee* narrow strip of beach, then a low stone wall, some rocks, and then the Atlantic, so close, that I cannot imagine the house can be quite safe in winter, unless they intend to strengthen and heighten the defensive wall. The hotel is quite new. It may be imagined, how clean, and fresh, and nice it is.

As to travelling about, and seeing sights, in

so hot a climate as America is in the summer, it is out of the question, I find; but this, I believe, is an unusually hot summer,—the hottest, I am told, but one, they have had for twenty-four years. I think of staying quietly at the sea till summer is over, and it is safe and pleasant to travel: of course, this will necessarily prolong my stay: everybody assures me I must not think of going southwards till October, particularly this year, considering cholera, and the great heat.

I think we have fortunately found a very quiet and healthy spot here. I was going to Newport, but heard of this being so very nice, that I thought I would try it first, and I think I shall remain here some time. We have delightful rooms on the ground floor, opening on the sea. It is very much like being afloat in a line-of-battle ship, we are so close to the grand old Atlantic.

The New Englanders appear to me generally a very quiet people, and very fond of music: we hear them playing and singing a great deal. Some of them sing exceedingly well, too, airs out of Italian operas, &c. They have a good pianoforte in the ladies' public drawing-room, which has plenty of work on its hands, or rather plenty of hands on its keys from morn-

ing till night. They have an excellent pianoforte maker at Boston named Chickering.

I hear from New York of a sad increase of cholera in that city. My correspondent, poor Mrs. Barclay, who writes in evident low spirits, tells me of the death of some of their friends from this terrible disease: one of her own family had had it slightly. I believe the wisest thing to do is to dismiss the subject from the mind as much as possible, putting one's whole trust where safety and protection can alone be found. At the same time, of course, it is right to be properly prepared, and to use the necessary remedies at the very first moment of alarm, and to be prudent and careful in diet. From all I can learn of the spread of cholera on this side of the Atlantic, I believe most of the fatal cases arise from carelessness and neglect at first, and total disregard of the premonitory symptoms.

The weather is lovely in this delectable place. I think the atmosphere in America is much like that in beauteous Italy, it is so exquisitely clear and transparent. Thus the grand features of this country are presented to the eye through a lovely lucid medium, and it is indeed a country of "magnificent distances," as some one named its unfinished capital.

As yet, however, we have seen but little of it, and that little seems less when we recollect *how much* there is to be seen.

Pine-apples and newspapers are rather cheap here! The first (and *fine* ones) at a penny a-piece (owing a good deal to the prevalence of cholera, which makes people afraid of eating them), and the second, I am told, many of them at a *half-penny* (English)—these are of course small, but really sometimes full of information and news. Some of their more distinguished papers are admirably written, and replete with varied and extensive information and tidings from all the corners of the earth: there seems in general in their tone, I think, more heartiness of feeling and more freshness and originality than in ours. What I do not like in the daily American press, is the perpetual and sometimes puerile and paltry attempts at wit and humour, which they seem to think indispensable, whether in season or out of season. They sometimes mingle this often rather ponderous pleasantry with the most serious accounts of accidents and disasters. Then their abuse of the authorities and people in office is beyond all idea violent. In the opposition papers, the most unmerciful vituperations are poured forth against some of their most eminent men;

really if you did not see their names you would sometimes think they were speaking of the most atrocious criminals. It might almost make one imagine that three quarters of the population are in a state of perpetual irritation and disappointment at not being President themselves, or, at least, Secretary of state.

Taylor is one of the most popular of men, and all seem to be proud of, as well as attached to, their far-famed "Old Zack;" yet I have seen such epithets as these applied to him in their public prints, — "Journeyman butcher," "Moloch," "Monster," "Nero," "Tyrant," "Ignominious cheat," "No three men could be found on a jury to credit him on his oath," "dolt," "tool," "fool," "cypher," "Cyclops," "fly on a coach wheel," "disgrace to the country," &c. Still this is only an ebullition of, perhaps, quite transitory wrath; and the next day their good "Old Zack" will be forgiven.

We have made acquaintance with a very agreeable lady here, Mrs. S. M——, of New York. She has charming unaffected manners, and appears to be very accomplished: she sings remarkably well, and has a handsome Italian-looking face. Her husband and daughter-in-law are here with her; the latter, I believe, older than herself. Her little grandson-in-law

is a pretty dark child, and his youthful grandmamma appears excessively attached to him. A friend of Mrs. M——'s, a Miss G——, of Boston, is one of the loveliest young American ladies I have yet seen : she is fair, and a little reminds me of our own beautiful Lady C. V——, in the cast of her countenance and the line of feature. She looks particularly pretty in the *bathing* hat, a large Swiss-looking straw hat which she sometimes wears also out walking. She appears to have the softest and sweetest manners imaginable ; and all she does and says seems characterised by extreme grace and gentleness. There is no loud talking and constant giggling, of which travellers have so often accused American young ladies, and which, I believe, wherever it is to be found, is greatly owing to their being partly educated at large public schools, which, perhaps, gives them a habit of pitching their voice high in order to make themselves heard among numbers. I am happy to say I have not yet met with any who have that unrefined disagreeable habit.

The town of Gloucester, where we are, has a population of about six thousand : its trade is entirely maritime. The harbour is reckoned one of the finest on the whole coast of the Atlantic. The town contains seven churches

and various public buildings : the inhabitants are mostly employed in the halibut, cod, and mackerel fisheries ; and there are about seventeen thousand tons of shipping here. Quite a little navy (chiefly from Newfoundland station) came in the other day to take shelter in the harbour from a gale at sea. If it is true that Newport is very foggy, which I am told it is, I think this must be a far preferable place of summer residence. Colonel Green and his lady called on me the other day. He is the accomplished editor of an excellent Boston paper.

CHAPTER VIII.

RETURN TO BOSTON.—FIRE ENGINES AND THEIR HORSES.—THE CRADLE OF AMERICAN LIBERTY. — FANEUIL HALL. — BOSTON PROHIBITION OF STREET-SMOKING.—STATUE OF WASHINGTON IN THE STATE HOUSE.—ANECDOTE CONNECTED WITH IT.—A DRUM PRESERVED IN THE STATE HOUSE. — VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE. — MOUNT AUBURN. — HARVARD UNIVERSITY. — PROFESSORS PIERCE, SILLIMAN, GUYON, SPARKS, AND AGASSIZ.—LIVE CORAL INSECTS PRESERVED BY PROFESSOR AGASSIZ — REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY THEM.— MUSEUM OF PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

THE weather on this 16th of August, is very pleasant at Boston. I hear it *has been* terribly oppressive, and we were fortunate to be at charming breezy Cape Ann.

I was surprised the other day at my nephew-in-law, E. W——, suddenly making his appearance here. He is going to visit Newport *instanter*, and then is off to Canada. He introduced the other day a friend of his to me, Mr. C. S——, a most agreeable and highly-informed person.

The thunder-storms have been as rare in America as in England this year: we had one

however, the night before last. I hope it will do good, and clear away the cholera a little.

We had a disagreeable little fright some time ago here, occasioned by the passage being on fire close to V——'s room (it was owing to something wrong about the gas-pipes). It was early in the night fortunately, and as I thought most likely some of the numerous fire-engines would be within call, taking their usual constitutional walk or canter (in short, taking the air if there was no fire to take), I did not feel much trepidation. The fire was easily overcome, and thereafter I felt for some time more secure than usual, thinking that for a fortnight or more people would be particularly careful hereabouts concerning fire, in consequence of this little warning, and that I should hear those fidgetty engines at exercise without much apprehension of their being called into requisition by us.

By the way, there is a team of ghostly looking white horses attached to one of these engines, that truly seem to have no repose. Like the restless phantoms of wicked horses, they haunt the streets at the witching hour of night, and seem to wander over the face of the granite city, without object or aim, as if disturbed in their graves by the proximity of

so many railroads here, and feeling, like *Othello*, their "occupation gone"—at least that of their fellows.

I saw the other day the place where the first blood was shed in the great Revolution—the righteous Revolution, if ever there was one deserving to be so called; yet my English feelings make me dislike always to dwell on the details of it. Faneuil Hall is the American cradle of liberty. Would the reader like a slight sketch of the cot where so sturdy and chopping an infant first began to crow and squall? This, in America, universally-venerated structure has stood for about one hundred and nine years, and was presented to the city of Boston by Peter Faneuil, a respected merchant. Here the chiefs of the Revolution harangued the people in those troublous and perilous times, and here often some of the most distinguished orators of America pour forth the living fire of their eloquence.

It is a large building, but not architecturally remarkable. The lower story is occupied by stores. The hall on the second story is seventy-six feet square and twenty-eight high, having galleries on three sides, supported by two ranges of Ionic columns. Portraits of Washington and Mr. Faneuil hang on the walls.

Above this hall is one of about the same dimensions, devoted to military exercises.

There is a regulation here that reminded me of Vienna. People are not permitted to smoke in the streets. (I know not whether this is still in force at Vienna, after the various changes there.) This they appear to submit very patiently and unmurmuringly to, albeit the Cradle of Liberty lifts its protecting walls so near them.

The State House, on its noble site, with its handsome dome, is very striking ; its colonnade is fine. There is an excellent statue of Washington in the large hall: it is enveloped in folds of massive drapery, and so easily do the graceful robes hang, that it is related of a countrywoman coming one day to see it, that she exclaimed she could not judge of the statue till they "tuk that sorter sheet off of it." It was a more natural mistake than that of a purblind lady visiting at ——, who, on entering the hall, gazed with respectful admiration at the representation of an Egyptian mummy, and it was found afterwards she had imagined it to be a former Bishop of Norwich in his full canonicals, and as such thought it a remarkable likeness, and a work of great excellence !

In the interior of the State House are the two chambers of the legislature. The House of Representatives has accommodation for about four hundred persons, and the Senate-chamber is rather smaller. An ancient drum is to be seen there taken in one of the earlier revolutionary battles: did it hear the glorious words Mr. Webster once spoke, concerning its brother-drums of Britain? If it did, I marvel almost it did not burst out into an extemporaneous and self-beating rub-a-dub in echo to those noble, generous, and spirit-stirring strains; if a drum had a heart in its skin, it would surely have done so. "England, the beat of whose drum, keeping company with the hours," &c.,—would that my memory could serve me to repeat some of this eloquent outburst—but, alas! I am far from sure that even these few words are correct.

The first time we went to Cambridge we went to see our amiable friends Mrs. and Miss Everett. They are in the President's house, and are to continue there for the present. After sitting a little while with Mrs. Everett, we went with Mr. and Miss Everett, in their carriage to Mount Auburn, the spacious and beautiful cemetery. The finely diversified grounds occupy about one hundred acres, in general profusely adorned with a rich variety of

trees, and in some places planted with ornamental shrubbery : there are some tombs graced with charming flower-beds. There are also some pretty sheets of water there : it is divided into different avenues and paths, which have various names. Generally they are called after the trees or flowers that abound there, such as lily, poplar, cypress, violet, woodbine, and others. It is, indeed, a beauteous city for the dead. The birds were singing most mellifluously and merrily,—it was quite a din of music that they kept up in these solemn but lovely shades. The views from Mount Auburn are fine and extensive. There are some graceful and well-executed monuments within its precincts.

Afterwards we went with Mr. Everett to see a little of the colleges, and then visited the mineralogical cabinet. Harvard University is the most ancient, and is reckoned the best endowed institution in the Union. It was founded in 1638, and from a donation made to it by the Rev. John Harvard it was called after him. We paid a brief visit to the great telescope, merely to look at it, however, and not through it, for it was then dull, and very cloudy, with no prospect of its being otherwise during the evening,—it is a refracting telescope. Mr. Bond himself was not there, but

his son was, who is already a distinguished and enthusiastic astronomer. Mr. Bond, sen., was one of the discoverers of the eighth satellite of Saturn.

Another time we went to the *soirée*, which Mr. and Mrs. Everett gave on the occasion of the meeting of the American Association of Science at Cambridge.

There I saw, of course, many learned celebrities. Among them—Professor Pierce, Professor Silliman, Professor Guyon, Professor Sparks (the new President of Harvard University), and Professor Agassiz, the celebrated naturalist (I found he was a cousin of my old governess, Mademoiselle Anne Agassiz).

This very distinguished man—one of the great contributors to the world's stores of science and knowledge—is an extremely agreeable member of society, and a very popular one. His manners are particularly frank, pleasing, cordial, and simple; and though deeply absorbed, and intensely interested in his laborious scientific researches, and a most thorough enthusiast in his study of natural philosophy, yet he rattled merrily away on many of the various light topics of the day with the utmost gaiety, good humour, and spirit.

He has succeeded, after great trouble and persevering indefatigable care, in preserving alive some coral insects, the first that have ever been so preserved, and he kindly promised me an introduction to those distinguished architects. We accordingly went, accompanied by Mr. Everett, the following day. M. Agassiz was up stairs very much occupied by some scientific investigation of importance, and he could not come down, but he allowed us to enter the all but hallowed precincts devoted to the much-cherished coral insects.

M. Agassiz had been away a little while previously, and left these treasures of his heart under the charge and superintendence of his assistant. This poor care-worn attendant, we were told, almost lost his own life in preserving the valuable existence of these little moving threads, so much did he feel the weighty responsibility that devolved upon him, and with such intense anxiety did he watch the complexion, the contortions, all the twistings and twirlings, and twitchings, and flingings and writhings of the wondrous little creatures, and assiduously marking any indications of *petite santé* among them. They were kept in water carefully and frequently changed, and various precautions were indispensably neces-

sary to be taken in order to guard their exquisitely delicate demi-semi existences.

Glad enough was the temporary gentleman-in-waiting, and squire-of-the-body to these interesting zoophytes to see M. Agassiz return, and to resign his charge into his hands. With him this exceeding care and watchfulness was indeed nothing but a labour of love, and probably no nurse or mother ever fondled a weakly infant with more devoted tenderness and anxious attention than M. Agassiz displayed towards his dearly-beloved coral insects.

As to me, I hardly dared breathe while looking at them for fear I should blow their precious lives away, or some catastrophe should happen while we were there, and we should be suspected of *coralicide!* However, the sight was most interesting. We watched them as they flung about what seemed their fibre-like white arms, like microscopic opera dancers or windmills; but these apparent arms are, I believe, all they possess of bodies. How wonderful to think of the mighty works that have been performed by the fellow-insects of these little restless labourers. What are the builders of the Pyramids to them? What did the writers of the "Arabian Nights" imagine

equal to their more magical achievements? Will men ever keep coral insects by them to lay the foundations of a few islands and continents when the population grows too large for the earthy portion of earth? People keep silkworms to spin that beautiful fabric for them; and M. Agassiz has shown there is no impracticability. I looked at the large bowl containing the weird workers with unflagging interest, till I could almost fancy minute reefs of rock were rising up in the basin.

What a world of marvels we live in, and alas that the splendid wonders of science should be shut out from so many myriads of mankind; for that the marvellous is inalienably dear to human nature, witness all the fairy tales, ghost stories, and superstitions of all kinds that have abounded and been popular from age to age. Penny Magazines and such works have done much, but much there remains to be done to bring the subjects not only within reach, but to make them more universally popular and attractive, and less technical.

At last we took leave of those marine curiosities, and wended our way back, sorry not to have seen M. Agassiz (who was still absorbed in dissecting or pickling for immortality some extraordinary fish that he had discovered), but

delighted to have had the opportunity of seeing his *protegées*.

"M. Agassiz ought indeed to have an extensive museum," said —— "for I believe everybody in the States makes a point of sending off to him, post haste, every imaginable reptile, and monster, and nondescript that they happen to find." I should, assuredly not like to have the opening of his letters and parcels if that is the case.

CHAPTER IX.

PLYMOUTH.—THE PILGRIM-FATHERS.—MRS. WARREN, A DESCENDANT OF ONE OF THE PILGRIMS.— VISIT FROM MR. PRESCOTT THE HISTORIAN.—GRAVES OF THE PILGRIM-FATHERS.—VISITS FROM DANIEL WEBSTER AND FROM MR. N. P. WILLIS.— SAMOSET THE INDIAN CHIEF.—ENERGY OF THE PILGRIM-FATHERS. —ALTERED FACE OF THEIR COUNTRY.

We have come to famous Old Plymouth, to see the interesting spot where the first pilgrim-fathers landed. We paid a visit to the rock which it is said their feet first touched : it has been conveyed to the centre of the village. Here they landed after their perilous voyage in the "Mayflower," on the 22nd of December, 1620. Plymouth boasts of being the first town built by civilized beings in New England. The inhabitants celebrate the interesting anniversary of the landing every year.

We visited one of the lineal descendants of the pilgrims, soon after our arrival here. Mrs. Warren is the mother of Judge Warren (with whom we went) ; she is a most charming, delightful old lady, with the most gentle, ami-

able, and polished manners imaginable; her house was as delightful as herself! and was, I believe, certainly one of the original houses built by the pilgrim-fathers. Mrs. Warren seated me on a precious old-fashioned chair, that actually had come over in the "Mayflower." I fancy there are pseudo-Mayflower chairs enough in various parts of Massachusetts to set up a score of upholsterers in business; but this, there is no doubt, really came over with the venerable voyagers, as it belonged to the descendant of one of the earliest governors. There were a number of old family pictures in the room, some of them by Copley, father of our greatly-distinguished Lord Lyndhurst (who was born, I think, in Boston).

I had the great pleasure of a visit from Mr. Prescott before I left Boston; he came from Nahant to see me with his daughter. I was delighted to have an opportunity of making acquaintance with this justly celebrated historian, whose works I had read with such lively interest. Even by the side of his handsome (and, by the way, very English-looking) daughter, he still looks quite a young man, and he seems to have a flow of spirits equal to those of Lord Stanley: there is not a particle of pomposity about him, and his style of conversation

is of the most fresh, original, agreeable, and striking kind ; and with all his stores of learning, and varied knowledge, there is the most complete absence possible of anything approaching to pedantry. His eyesight is, unfortunately, defective, but no one would observe this in society.

He appeared rather absent. A short time after he had taken leave and left the room with his daughter, we heard a knock at the door; on saying, "come in," Mr. Prescott appeared again, and said he had left his cane there. He looked, and we looked, chairs were inspected, sofas pushed about, and tables trotted out from their places, when presently I heard a subdued exclamation from Mr. Prescott, who had found the cane—in his hand, where I certainly did not think of looking for it. He laughed good-humouredly at his forgetfulness, and he and his cane vanished presently together.

We have visited the churchyard here, which contains some interesting graves of the old pilgrims. Altogether, there is much to attract and to please in Plymouth, and I am very glad I came here.

I have just seen that great man, Mr. Webster, and also Mrs. Webster who, I find, are now staying in this hotel. He is a friend of my

father's; but as I was abroad when he was at Belvoir Castle, I had never before seen him. I was, as everybody must be, I should think, very much struck by his magnificent countenance—that prodigiously massive brow, those mighty eyes, that seem as if they were calmly looking down the depths of ages, and that grand air of *repose* (which especially appeared to me to characterise his aspect) have a sort of quiet *mountainous* grandeur about them that makes one think, that old Homer, had he not been blind, might so have looked, or the awful Son of Cœlus and Terra! His features have more, I think, of the Oriental than the Occidental cast; but then you seldom see so much intellect in an Eastern countenance. It is, indeed, a very un-American face, for their features are ordinarily rather sharp and delicate.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster have kindly asked me to go to Green Harbour; the invitation was most cordial and friendly. "Come, pray, and remain there as long as you can—we shall do all we can to make your stay agreeable," &c. I look forward very much to going and seeing this great man in his own house. I hear he occupies himself much with farming and various country pursuits.

I am afraid there will be no change in

American policy with regard to protection. The South are for free trade, and if they can carry the day they will have it.

I have just had a very agreeable visit from Mr. N. P. Willis. V—— was highly delighted to see this well known and popular American author, of whom she had often heard. I hope to see Mrs. Willis to-morrow ; she is the niece and adopted daughter of Mr. Grinnel, brother to the Mr. Grinnel to whom I have letters from Mr. C——.

There are six churches in this small town, and two academies. The hotel is called Samoset House, after the friendly Indian chief whom the settlers found here in the olden time. It sounds so like Somerset that I begin to think my cousin the Duke of Beaufort must claim some very distant relationship with this old chieftain of Massachusetts, and we, of course, too ! I remember finding something like traces of the De Rooses in Africa : so at this rate, it seems, I shall establish very amicable relations of my own between far-apart and widely extended countries. I believe there is some curious tradition of this identical old Samoset accosting the newly-arrived pilgrims with some words of broken English ; but I do not exactly recollect the story.

What energy and determination those old pilgrim-fathers showed, and the poor pilgrim-mothers too (who, as some one justly observed the other day, seemed usually consigned to an unmerited oblivion). What hardships and heart-quakings must they not have gone through when all this now cheerful and cultivated and inhabited country, with its profusion of towns and villages, and its multiplicity of railways, was one huge wild-waving pine forest! Fancy their surprise if they could look upon it *now;* and the iron trains, and the electric telegraphs, and their dandy French-costumed mustachioed sons, and their polka-dancing daughters; what would great grandmamma think of that? Mrs. Hemans' lovely lines on the Landing of the Pilgrim-fathers, and the beautiful music poor Mrs. Arkwright wedded to them, have often lately recurred to my memory!

CHAPTER X.

GREEN HARBOUR, THE SEAT OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—HIS GUESTS.—DESCRIPTION OF HIS MANSION.—THE MILITIA GENERAL.—ENTERPRISE OF AMERICAN LADY-TRAVELLERS.—AN INSTANCE. MRS. C—— FROM CHINA.—GREAT INTELLECTUAL POWERS OF MR. WEBSTER.—A STORM. — "MY KINGDOM FOR A PIN."—ANECDOTE OF LADY ——. — THE SOLE AMERICAN WITH AN ARISTOCRATIC TITLE. — EXTRAORDINARY POPULARITY OF MR. WEBSTER IN NEW ENGLAND. — ANECDOTE OF MR. WEBSTER.—THAT STATESMAN AND MR. CLAY NEVER PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.—A CAUSE ASSIGNED.—APPOINTMENT OF ILLITERATE POLITICAL POSTMASTERS. — MODE OF LIVING AT GREEN HARBOUR.

We have been much charmed with our visit to Green Harbour, Marshfield, the beautiful domain of Mr. Webster. It is a charming and particularly enjoyable place, almost close to the sea. The beach here is something marvellous, eight miles in breadth, and of splendid hard floor-like sand, and when this is covered by the rolling Atlantic, the waves all but come up to the neighbouring green, grassy fields. Very high tides cover them.

There is a very agreeable party in the house, including Mr. and Miss Everett, &c., and in

addition to the guests here, those staying at Mr. F. Webster's (Mr. Webster's son) generally assemble here in the evening; among them was Miss S——. She was an exceedingly pleasant and agreeable young lady, full of life, spirits, information, and good humour, joined to mild and amiable manners. Miss F—— was another very pleasing specimen of an accomplished American young lady.

This house is very prettily fitted up. It strikes me as being partly in the English and partly in the French style, exceedingly comfortable, and with a number of remarkably pretty drawing-rooms opening into one another, which always is a judicious arrangement I think; it makes a party agreeable and unformal. There are a variety of pictures and busts by American artists, and some of them are exceedingly good. There is a picture in the chief drawing room of Mr. Webster's gallant son who was killed in the Mexican war. The two greatest of America's statesmen each lost a son in that war, Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster. There is also a fine picture of Mr. Webster himself, which, however, though a masterly painting, does not do justice to the distinguished original. It was executed some years ago; but I really think it is not so handsome

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as the great statesman is now, with his Olympus-like brow, on which are throned such divinities of thought, and with that wonderful countenance of might and majesty.

The dining-room here is a charming apartment with all its windows opening to the ground, looking on the garden ; and it is deliciously cool, protected from the sun by the overshadowing masses of foliage of the most magnificent weeping (American) elms. These colossal trees stand just before the house, and are pre-eminently beautiful: they seem to unite in their own gigantic persons the exquisite and exceeding grace of the weeping willow, with the strength and grandeur of the towering elm. I was told a curious fact last night. Everywhere, through the length and breadth of the states, the sycamore trees this year are blighted and dying.

The walls of the dining-room are adorned chiefly with English engravings, among which there is one of my father. My bed-room is profusely decorated with prints of different English country houses and castles. The utmost good taste and refinement are perceptible in the arrangements of the house, and a most enchanting place of residence it is. All the domestics of the house are coloured

persons, which is very seldom indeed the case in this part of the United States. Mr. Webster tells me he considers them the best possible servants, much attached, contented and grateful, and he added, he would "fearlessly trust them with *untold gold*." They certainly must be good ones to judge by the exquisite neatness and order of everything in the establishment.

Mr. Webster's farm here consists of one thousand five hundred acres: he has a hundred head of cattle.

Mr. F. Webster has been a good deal in India, and he was mentioning the other evening that he was struck, in several of the English schools in that country, by the tone of some political lessons that were taught there. For instance, with regard to freedom and representation of the people, &c.; the natives were forcibly reminded of their own unrepresented state, by questions bearing on the subject—the United States being instanced as an example of almost universal suffrage; Great Britain itself of a less extensive elective franchise; France, of whatever France was then; and Hindostan *especially* pointed out as having nothing of the kind, as if they really wished to make the poor Hindoos discontented with their present state.

To be sure they might as well go to Persia and Turkey for their examples. Mr. F. Webster seemed to think the Hindoos were beginning a little to turn their thoughts to such political subjects.

While we were at dinner a day or two ago, a new guest, who had arrived rather late from New York, walked in, being announced as a general. He was a very military looking man indeed with a formidable pair of mustachios. Some turn in the conversation reminding me of the Mexican war, I asked if General —— had served in Mexico. Mr. —— laughed, and told me he was in the militia, and had never smelt powder in his life.

What enterprising travellers American ladies sometimes are! My Atlantic-crossing performances seem very little in comparison with some of their expeditions. It would not surprise me that any who have ever gone to settle in the far-off portions of the country, and been doomed to undergo such rugged experiences as those described in the American work (by a lady) called "A new Home, Who'll Follow?" should laugh at hardships and discomforts which might reasonably perhaps deter less seasoned and experienced travellers; but it must be a very different case with those habit-

uated only to refinements and luxuries. Mr. Webster had told me he had expected for some little time past the arrival of a lady, a relative of his, who had lately left China for the United States; she was to leave her husband in the Celestial flowery land, her intention being, I believe, to see her relatives and friends at home, and then to rejoin him in the course of some months in China.

Like the gallant chieftain spoken of before, she arrived late, and during dinner the doors were thrown open and "Mrs. P——, from China," was announced. She came in, and met her relatives and friends, as quietly as if she had merely made a "petite promenade de quinze jours" (as the French boasted they should do when they went to besiege Antwerp). She seated herself at table, when a few questions were asked relative to her voyage.

"Had you a good passage?"

"Very,—altogether."

"How long?"

"About one hundred and three days" (I think this is correct, but I cannot answer to a day).

"Pleasant companions?"

"Very much so, and with books the time passed very agreeably."

All this was as quietly discussed as if the passage had been from Dover to Boulogne, and the length of the time of absence a fortnight.

American ladies, perhaps, on the whole, do not travel about as much as we do, but when they do set about it, the uttermost ends of the earth seem scarcely to alarm them. The fact is, I think, that foreign travel to American ladies is rather a different thing to what it is with us. Living so close, comparatively speaking, to all the most interesting places in the world,—Italy, with its countless associations and glories of art,—Switzerland, with its crown of mountains and enchanting scenery, and other classic lands,—we can so easily and so quickly indulge ourselves with these glorious and interesting spectacles ; but if our transatlantic sister wishes to gaze on the time-honoured monuments and transcendent works of art of Old Imperial Rome, or the magical enchantments of Naples, or the Arabian Night-like glories of the Alhambra and Granada ; or to speed to that Mecca of the Americans — Paris ; there rolls the broad Atlantic, and she must prepare for the fatigues of a regular sea voyage before she can hope to accomplish it. Thus their ideas of foreign travel are necessarily more comprehen-

sive, and, perhaps more expansive than ours. Without doubt after crossing the Atlantic the Pacific becomes less formidable; but I need not talk of foreign travel, when part of their own America, — California, — is at such a mighty distance from them.

"Mrs. P——, from China," I found to be a delightful person, and I was excessively interested in many things she told me during a long conversation we had in the evening. Some of her accounts of Chinese proceedings amused me greatly. Together with other things, she told me that at Canton, among the crowded population who live in boats, it was a regular custom, as soon as a boy could crawl about on his hands and knees, to fasten carefully around his head a sort of life-preserving apparatus, in case little Master Chinaman should, when occasionally left to his own inventions, pop overboard, and the brother of the sun and moon lose a valuable subject. But no such tender precautions are ever taken with regard to the poor little Celestial misses. Their brows and waists are left unbound by the guardian bladder, and if they become a morsel for the fishes, so much the better for the finny *bon vivant*, and also for the affectionate parental *non*-barbarians! It is not unlikely, if this is the case,

that these poor little supernumeraries are sometimes assisted by a sly push in their aquatic excursions.

Mr. Webster was good enough to drive me out yesterday, and a most splendid drive we had. At one part, from a rather high eminence, we had a glorious panoramic view : it was really sublime : ocean, forest, hill, valley, promontory, river, field, glade, and hollow, were spread before us ; altogether they formed a truly magnificent prospect. One almost seemed to be looking into boundless space. We paused at this spot a little while to admire the beautiful scene. How meet a companion the giant Atlantic seemed for that mighty mind, to some of whose noble sentiments I had just been listening with delight and veneration, and yet how far beyond the widest sweep of ocean, is the endless expanse of the immortal intellect, — time-overcoming, — creation-compelling !

However, while I was thus up in the clouds, they (condescendingly determining, I suppose, to return my call) suddenly came down upon us, and unmercifully. St. Swithin ! what a rain it was ! The Atlantic is a beautiful object to look at, but when either he, or some cousin-german above, takes it into his head to

act the part of shower-bath extraordinary to you, it is not so pleasant. My thoughts immediately fled away from ocean (except the *descending* one), forest, hill, dale, and all the circumjacent scenery, to centre ignominiously on my bonnet, to say nothing of the tip of my nose, which was drenched and drowned completely in a half second. My veil — humble defence against the fury of the elements !—accommodated its dripping self to the features of my face like the black mask of some desperate burglar, driven against it, also, by the wind, that blew a "few," I can assure the reader.

How Mr. Webster contrived to drive, I know not, but drive he did, at a good pace too, for "after us," indeed, was "the deluge ;" I could scarcely see him ; a wall of water separated us, but ever and anon I heard faintly, through the hissing and splashing and lashing and pattering of the big rain, his deep, sonorous voice, recommending me to keep my cloak well about me, which no mortal cloak of any spirit will ever allow you to do at such needful moments — not it ! "My kingdom for a pin."

I recollect Lady ——, telling me how her life had once hung on a pin. Thus it was ; she was driving herself one day across a

bleak, broad moor in Yorkshire, and it began rather suddenly to rain, and blow tremendously. Excepting a cloak, she was very lightly clothed, and this said cloak blew open, flew back, and made itself as odious as possible, and left her chilled by the wind, and drenched by the rain. She was delicate, and extremely afraid of cold, and was shivering from head to foot: at last a friendly pin was found, and behold — perhaps her lungs and her life were thus saved!

When we arrived at Green Harbour, we found Mrs. Webster very anxious for the poor rain-beaten wayfarers. She took every kind care of me, and except a very slight *soupçon* of a cold, the next morning, I did not suffer any inconvenience. Mr. Webster had complained of not being very well before (I think a slight attack of hay-asthma), but I was glad to meet him soon afterwards at dinner, not at all the worse for the tempestuous drive; and for my part, I could most cordially thank him for the glorious panorama he had shown me, and the splendid drive through what seemed almost interminable woods: and (since we had got safely through it), I was not sorry to have witnessed the very excellent imitation of the Flood which had been presented before (and

some of it into) my astonished eyes. Mr. Webster told me the drive through the woods would have been extended, but for the rain, ten miles!

He took me the other day to a room I had not before visited, and showed me a beautiful picture of a lovely and only daughter, whom he had the great misfortune to lose last year.

I am about to leave this delightful place, for I have an engagement to go and dine at Nahant to-morrow, with Mr. and Mrs. Prescott. The latter I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting. I believe she has very delicate health.

I made acquaintance at Plymouth with a charming Mrs. Thayer: her father is said to be the only American who possesses and is universally known by an aristocratic title: he is the lineal descendant of an ancient Dutch family. I believe the title is "The Patroon."

I cannot describe to you the almost adoration with which Mr. Webster is regarded in New England. The newspapers chronicle his every movement, and constantly contain anecdotes respecting him, and he invariably is treated with the greatest respect by everybody, and, in fact, his intellectual greatness seems all but worshipped. Massachusetts boasts, with

a commendable pride and exultation, that he is one of her children. A rather curious anecdote has been going the round of the papers lately. It appears Mr. Webster was at Martha's Vineyard a short time ago, and he drove up to the door of the principal hotel, at Edgar Town, the capital, accompanied by some of his family, and attended, as usual, by his coloured servants. Now it must be observed that Mr. Webster has a swarthy, almost South-Spanish complexion, and when he put his head out of the window and inquired for apartments, the keeper of the hotel, casting dismayed glances, first at the domestics of different shades of sable and mahogany, and then at the fine dark face of Mr. Webster, excused himself from providing them with accommodation, declaring he made it a rule never to receive any *coloured persons*. (This in New England! if the tale be true.) The great statesman and his family were about to seek for accommodation elsewhere—thinking the hotel-keeper alluded to his servants,—when the magical name of "glorious Dan" becoming known, mine host, penitent and abashed, after profuse apologies, entreated him to honour his house with his presence. "All 's well that ends well."

One cannot wonder at the Americans' ex-

treme admiration of the genius and the statesman-like qualities of their distinguished countryman, his glorious and electrifying eloquence, his great powers of ratiocination, his solid judgment, his stores of knowledge, and his large and comprehensive mind — a mind of that real expansion and breadth which, heaven knows, too few public men can boast of. But what does excite wonder is, the singular fact, that neither he nor that other idol of the western world, Mr. Clay, should ever have been chosen to fill the highest office in the United States.

It has been explained to me thus: the greatest and most distinguished statesmen in America are so thoroughly identified with some particular party, that naturally all the men of other parties (and party-spirit appears to run very high in America) are violently opposed to them. A comparatively unknown politician, therefore, who has made himself popular in some other sphere—as the present President, for instance,*—has a better chance to occupy the presidential chair than the best and most renowned of their statesmen. In short, as regards the politics of their chief

* I need hardly point out to the reader that President Taylor died since these remarks were written.

magistrate, they appear universally to prefer what is called in sporting circles in England, a "dark horse." Whether this peculiarity in the working of their constitutional polity be for good or for evil, where the chief magistrate for the time being has so vast an amount of power and patronage, I leave those more conversant with such subjects to decide.

Speaking of patronage, it may be well to allude to the army of postmasters whom every successive President has the privilege (of which it is said he uniformly avails himself) of turning out on his election. In the newly-appointed legions of this class of administrators, it is not experience, I am told, or fitness in any way for the post, that is considered, but the direction their votes have taken; and I have been assured that sometimes persons are appointed — certainly extraordinarily illiterate for America — who cannot read, and others who cannot spell.

In one of the public prints I saw the other day an attack on a recently appointed postmaster to Indianapolis, the capital of Indiana. This functionary wrote from his then abode to some one at the place of his future labours, and spelt the name of the town thus: —

"Indian Apolis." Deponent sayeth not whether he added the name of the state as Indian Anna.

The mode of living at Green Harbour is exceedingly agreeable, quiet, and unostentatious, yet all is conducted with the most unbounded hospitality. Every one is judiciously allowed to follow their own tastes and inclinations, and read, walk, drive, write, or whatever else they may like, without any formality or interference.

CHAPTER XI.

VISIT TO MR. AND MRS. PRESCOTT AT NAHANT. — PAUCITY OF TREES THERE.—A MAGNIFICENT WATER-MELON.—BEAUTY OF BOSTON HARBOUR.—POETICAL ADDITIONAL NAMES GIVEN TO AMERICAN CITIES. — NEW BEDFORD. — ITS POPULATION AND TRADE. — DELICATE POLITENESS OF A DESCENDANT OF WILLIAM PENN.—MARTHA'S VINEYARD.—THE HOSTESS, HER SON AND DAUGHTER. — WOODSVILLE. — NAUSHON. — ITS LOVELINESS.—THE ONE GRAVE.—REFLECTION SUGGESTED BY IT.—AN ANCIENT PLACE OF INDIAN SEPULTURE. — VERSES SUGGESTED BY NAUSHON.

To-day we went and dined early with Mr. and Mrs. Prescott at Nahant, where they are staying for the summer. They have a charming country villa on the beautiful peninsula of Nahant. The town of Nahant is a very pleasant watering-place, about twelve miles from Boston by water, and sixteen by land. Near Mr. Prescott's house is a magnificent-looking hotel with numerous piazzas: the sea-coast view from his villa is boundless, and the perpetually high and dashing waves fling their fantastic foam, without ceasing, against the wild jagged rocks, which abound in every direction.

We started by railroad to go there, and very near us in the car was a respectable looking negro. Mr. C. S——, who was in the same car with us (also going to dine at Mr. Prescott's), pointed this man out to me, at the same time saying, that this could not by possibility have happened two years ago in this State, so strong then were the prejudices against any approach to, or appearance of, amalgamation with the black race. No one could certainly appear more humble and quiet, less presuming or forward in his new position, than did this coloured individual.

On our way to Mr. Prescott's, we stopped to pay a visit to Mrs. Page, the sister of Mrs. F. Webster. She has a very pretty little country house at Nahant: she made many inquiries, with much kind feeling, after those friends whom she remembers at Belvoir Castle, where she was staying with Mr. and Mrs. Webster.

I have already mentioned that Mr. Prescott is one of the most agreeable people I ever met with—as delightful as his own most delightful books: he talks of going to Europe next year. He tells me he has never visited either Mexico or Peru. I am surprised that the interest he must have felt in his own matchless works did not impel him to go to

both. Mrs. Prescott is very delicate, with most gentle and pleasing manners. One of the guests was a niece of Lord Lyndhurst, her mother being Lord Lyndhurst's sister.

After a most interesting and agreeable visit, we returned by water to Boston. The sea was blue as a plain of sparkling sapphire — quite Mediterraneanic! Nahant is certainly a delightful place of summer residence, though it wants shade: trees in general most positively refuse to grow there, and there are but a few, which are taken as much care of as if they were the most precious exotics; but Nahant and they do not agree. They have quite a pouting sulky look; and it is almost as sad to look at them as it is to see the *girdled* trees, which look like skeletons of malefactors bleaching in the wind. At dessert, at Mr. Prescott's, there was a huge magnificent water-melon, that almost might have taken the place of the Cochituate Pond, and supplied Boston with the crystal element for a day.

In returning through the harbour of Boston from Nahant, we were full of admiration of its scenery: the many lovely islands with which it is beautifully studded, and the superb view of Boston itself, so nobly surmounted by its crown-like State-house, enchanted us.

Since I wrote this, we have had a very agreeable little tour. We had received, through Mrs. W——, a kind invitation from Mr. and Mrs. J. Grinnell to visit them at New Bedford. That town is called "the City of Palaces," from the beautiful buildings it contains: it is also the great whaling metropolis of the north. It is about fifty-six miles from hence.

The Americans give their cities most poetical and significant designations, and sometimes one town will have a variety of these. For instance, this, I believe, is not only called the Granite City, but the Trimountain City. Philadelphia is the city of Brotherly Love, or the Iron City. Buffalo, the Queen City of the Lakes; New Haven, the City of Elms, &c. I think the American imagination is more florid than ours. I am afraid matter-of-fact John Bull, if he attempted such a fanciful classification, would make sad work of it. Perhaps we should have Birmingham, the City of Buttons or Warming-pans; Nottingham, the City of Stockings; Sheffield, the City of Knives and Forks, and so forth.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis, and Mr. Willis's musical brother, were at Mr. and Mrs. J. Grinnell's beautiful mansion. We paid a visit

to an immense whale-ship that is in the course of busy preparation for her voyage — to the South Seas, I believe. The whale-fishery is very extensively carried on at New Bedford. The population is about fifteen thousand, almost all engaged directly or indirectly in this trade. There are about two hundred and twenty-nine vessels engaged in the fishery, which is said to be continually increasing.

The system on which they conduct their whaling operations, seems to be a very judicious one. Every one of the crew has a share in the profits or losses of the expedition ; it becomes, therefore, his interest to do all he possibly can to render the voyage a prosperous one. All are eager, all on the look-out, all are quite sure to exert their energies to the utmost, and perhaps this is one secret of the success that attends American whaling-ships.

Mrs. Grinnell had a little *conversazione* the other evening, and among the visitors was a beautiful young Quaker lady, a descendant of William Penn. She was an extremely pleasing person, and her conversation was very animated and interesting. Imagining that perhaps I had never been in the society of Quakers before, she cleverly contrived to converse in the most pleasant and delightful manner, without once

bringing in either "thee" or "thou," or "you" though she was talking to me almost all the evening.

I remarked this omission, and was afterwards certain of it when Mrs. Willis told me the lady informed her of the fact before going away, and gave her that reason for her delicate and scrupulous abstinence. She would not say "*you*," in short; and "thee" and "thou" she thought would appear strange to me. I was told her family are in possession of a splendid silver tea-service which belonged to their celebrated ancestor, William Penn.

We went from New Bedford to Martha's Vineyard, an island in the Atlantic not far from New Bedford. There we stayed a few days at an unpretending neat hotel of small dimensions,—not the chief hotel, where the mistress, we found, was unaccommodating and disobliging—*a very rare thing* in America. On taking refuge at the other hotel, we found we had reason to congratulate ourselves, for a more kind-hearted attentive person I never found than our new hostess. She, poor soul, was in affliction at the time; for her son was about to go off to California—indeed his departure took place for that distant region the morning after our arrival.

What misery has this Californian emigration brought on thousands of families—unknown, incalculable wretchedness! There was, as may be supposed, a melancholy chorus of wailing and sobs when the dreaded moment actually arrived; but her domestic sorrows did not make the excellent mother of the family neglect her guests. Nothing was omitted that could conduce to our comfort; and her daughter's attention and her own were unremitting.

Her daughter was a smart intelligent lassie. One day, when she was in the room, the mother hurried in to ask some question relative to dinner, or something of the kind. She had previously been baking, and her hands, and arms too, I believe, were white with flour. This very much annoyed her neat, particular, and precise daughter, who kept dusting her daintily, and trying to wipe it off, and drawing her mother's attention to it with great pertinacity. At last the mother said she hadn't had time to get rid of it—hoped the lady would excuse it, with other apologies, and the daughter was a little pacified. One should hardly have expected so much susceptibility in such matters in a little out-of-the-way town on an island like Martha's Vineyard.

When we came away I felt it was quite a friend I was taking leave of, though we had been there so short a time, so good and kind did we find her. On the table in her little parlour, instead of the horrid novels so commonly to be seen in America, were the "Penny Magazine," and other works of that species.

From Martha's Vineyard we went to Woodsville, a quiet little village by the sea. I had promised to pay a visit to Mrs. J. Grinnell, at the residence of a friend of hers, situated on an island very near this place (to which Mr. and Mrs. J. Grinnell had lately gone from New Bedford). We were at a very nice little hotel, indeed, at Woodsville, the master of which was a Mr. Webster, who had called one of his sons Daniel, after the famous statesman, the pride of old Massachusetts.

At this hotel there was an admirable specimen of an American female waiter and housemaid ; in short, a domestic factotum. She was excessively civil, obliging, active, and attentive, not in the slightest degree forward or intrusive, always willing to do whatever one required of her. Altogether a very prepossessing personage is Mademoiselle Caroline,—not the famous female equestrian of Paris, but the

excellent and accomplished waitress and chambermaid at Woodsville, whom I beg to introduce to the reader, and to immortality. The mistress of the hotel cooked for us herself, and she was quite a *cordon blue*, I assure you. Her chicken pies and her puddings were of the sublimest description.

The morning was lovely, the sea sparkling with a myriad lustres, the air of Ausonian clearness and purity, when we went to Naushon, an exquisite little island (one of a cluster of the islands called the Elizabeth Group). We started in a small boat manned by the two sons of our host, and before very long we entered a little creek, and soon landed on the beautiful shore of fairy-like Naushon. (This is of course its old Indian name, and long may it retain it).

We found Mr. Grinnell kindly waiting to receive us and drive us to the island palace of the proprietor of Naushan, for to Mr. S—— the whole beauteous island belongs. — What an enviable possession! Though not given to pilfering propensities, I should like to pick Mr. S——'s pocket of this gem! We started in a somewhat sledge-like vehicle, *à la flêche* (as our old Belgian courier Marcotte used to say), for the house, and soon found ourselves seated

in a large cool apartment with Mrs. Grinnell, and the kindly cordial Lord and Lady of the Isle, whose welcome had much of unworldly heartiness about it. I longed to explore the beautiful island, and when I did so, my anticipations were not disappointed.

Naushon is a little America in itself. There are miniatures of her wild, illimitable, awful old forests—a beautiful little diamond edition of her wonderful lakes, a fairy representation of her variety of scenery, a page torn from her ancient Indian associations and remains. There too are her customs, her manners, her spirit, and character; in short, it is a little pocket America (and enough to make the chief superintendent of any police himself a pickpocket), a Liliputian Western World, a compressed Columbia. But its trees are not Liliputian, they are magnificent.

We drove under a varied shade for a long time, and saw lovely views through openings in the woods. At last, after tearing and crackling along through a thick growth of timber and underwood, we emerged upon a truly magnificent prospect. We were on a height, and on either side were lovely woods, valleys, and gentle eminences; and in front the glorious Atlantic. After enjoying this beauteous view

for some time, the Lord of Naushon took us to see a still, secluded part of the forest, where in the midst of a sunny clearing, surrounded by partly overshadowing trees in the heart of that sequestered island, embosomed in the mighty ocean, was a single grave, that of the only and adored son of our amiable hosts; indeed, their only child. Almost close to this simple grave was a semicircular seat. "There often," said Mr. S——, "we come in the summer time, and spend the evening, and frequently bring our friends, too, with us, and it is a melancholy happiness to feel *he* is near—almost, as it were, with us."

Here we all remained for some time: the birds were singing, the sea so calm you could scarcely just then at that distance hear its everlasting resounding voice. You might look through the opening in the woods, up and up, and the clear cloudless sky would seem almost receding from your gaze (like the horizon when you are advancing towards it), yet bluer and bluer, brighter and brighter. All was beauty and enchantment! and there lay the lonely dead—who could dare to say in unconsecrated ground? where Nature was so wild and beautiful, and Nature's Creator seemed so nigh — and where that grand untrodden ground with no-

thing to desecrate it, was ever bathed by the tears of hallowed parental affection? How blessed and sacred it appeared! To think, in contrast with this grave, of our dead in crowded city church-yards! But I trust that unutterably detestable system will soon be done away with.

If what I have related seems strange to you, you must recollect that in America it is often the case; at least, I have frequently heard so before I came here. In the quiet garden, or in the wood near the house, often sleep in their last slumber the beloved members of the family, not banished from the every-day associations of the survivors, and almost seeming to have still some participation in their feelings, in their woes, and their pleasures. I could almost fancy, after seeing that Eden for the dead, Mount Auburn, and remembering this affectionate custom, that it is one reason why death does not seem a thing to be dreaded or deplored in America, as with us. If I recollect correctly, the only words on the modest head-stone were, "To our beloved Son."

After willingly remaining some time here, beside this simple Christian tomb, we went to see an ancient place of Indian sepulture. The corpses, I believe, had mostly been dug up—

poor Indians; hardly allowed to rest in their graves! Mr. S—— told me that the first time Naushon had passed into white men's hands from those of the red chief's, this exquisite island, with all its lovely and splendid woods, its herds of wild deer, and all its fair lands, it had been sold for an old coat; (I think a little fire-water must have entered into the bargain). After hearing this, I began to think *feu* squire and squaw Naushon of the olden time, and their clan hardly deserved to rest in their graves.

Our excellent hosts most kindly pressed us to stay at Naushon, but my plans did not admit of this; so, enchanted with their delectable island, and full of gratitude for all their cordial friendliness and truly American hospitality towards us, we took leave of them and Mrs. Grinnell, in the evening, and returned to the main land. The weather became very unpropitious, and it blew and rained heavily. However we arrived in damp safety at our hotel.

I will venture to give some verses which I wrote for an album at Naushon, begging the reader not to be severe in his criticisms; for constantly travelling, as I have lately been, is not favourable to verse manufacturing.

NAUSHON.

If falling stars were truly what they seem,
The glittering regions of a magic dream,
Then might we fancy this enchanted isle
(Where such bright, varying beauties gleam and smile),
Were even an after-gift, in mercy sent,
Straight from yon golden-fretted firmament;
Rapt from those lustrous paths, to vision bared,
A down-dropped star from yon grand circle spared;
Fallen in a gracious moment from the sky,
To charm to rapture man's earth-wearied eye,
From harsher haunts and sceneries to beguile,
To almost Eden's loss to reconcile.
A home for world-sick angel-hearts to be,
A wilder, freer Paradise at sea;
Hung, gem-like, where to stormless deeps are given
The best reflections of its parent heaven!
The loveliest likeness that this planet wears,
Of kindred glories—sister stars and spheres!
But since 'tis not so, let me hope, at least—
Kind new-made friends—by its possession blest,
That while no fallen-star hath spread for you
A bowered Elysium midst these waves of blue,
Your hearts, your hopes, your virtues yet will make
This radiant island, for your own bright sake,
A rising-star in guardian-angels' eyes,
That, better-seeing, watch the heavenward rise,
The unceasing soul-flight of its human guests
Far, far beyond where sun or system rests;
(Till they, and *thou*, in their remembering thought
Fair isle! to faith's own glorious goal are brought).
Ah, yes, a mounting world, be this hushed spot,
Where th' earthlier globe's vain mockeries are forgot,
A star of rising heaven-bound souls, that feel,
'Midst such rare scenes, fresh hopes, fresh trusts and zeal,

And, looking on this lustrous realm below—
In morn's creation-burst, or sunset's glow—
This little heaven of beauty, peace, and love,
Who could forget the kindred heaven above?
Though, in thyself, fair isle! thou mayst not soar
To be their bower of bliss for evermore,
Nor midst the unfading realms of splendour shine,
And hallowed fields, and mansions, all divine;
Thy deathless dwellers there may cherish yet
(Where worlds ne'er sink, nor suns of glory set),
Thy precious memory's truth, in ages bright,
That through eternity shall speed their flight.
Thus thou mayst find thy changeless home within,
The unbounded soul released from earth and sin,
As now within the unbounded sea, that smiles
Round thee, like molten skies, sweet isle of isles!

CHAPTER XII.

THE BLIND ASYLUM AT BOSTON AND LAURA BRIDGEMAN.—NEW HAVEN, THE "CITY OF ELMS."—YALE COLLEGE.— ITS OBJECTS OF SCIENCE AND ART.—PROFESSOR SILLIMAN, JUN.—GOVERNOR YALE.—HIS EPITAPH. — HIS ENGLISH CONNEXIONS. — BLACK DOMESTIC SERVANTS. — TWO OPINIONS OF THEM. — A SABLE COUNT D'ORSAY. — THE AMERICAN CHARACTER. — SCENERY ABOUT NEW HAVEN.—KATYDIDS, TREE-FROGS AND CRICKETS. —CONNECTICUT YANKEES.

I HAD been very anxious to pay a visit to the Blind Asylum and Laura Bridgeman, at Boston. Perhaps the reader will remember the very interesting account given of poor Laura by Mr. Dickens, in his work on America, and Dr. Howe's wonderful and successful mode of teaching her. She is blind, and deaf, and dumb, and has hardly any sense of smell or taste.

They told us at the asylum that if they gave her strong cayenne pepper, or anything equally pungent, she would appear to taste it slightly, but nothing less powerful.

After Mr. Dickens's excellent and elaborate description, I need only say that we found Laura apparently well and contented, though

she is slight and delicate-looking, and has a rather pensive, serious expression of countenance. A lady, who we understood was a governess, especially devoted to her, told us Laura Bridgeman had enjoyed a late visit into the country much; and though she could neither see the views, nor hear the merry song of birds, nor smell the sweet odour of flowers, yet she appeared to inhale the freshness of the free air with delight. She added that Laura was now learning geometry, and that she took very deep interest in it, and made great and rapid progress. Is not this wonderful?

When we first entered, the teacher was holding an open letter in one hand, while with the other she was repeating the contents of it to the poor girl, by telling it very rapidly on the fingers of Laura's lifted hand. This was a letter from her country friends, and it was extraordinary to observe each eloquent change of expression that past over Laura's intelligent and most speaking face. Wonder, pleasure—sometimes a slight shade of vexation and disappointment—regret, affection, mirth, sympathy, doubt, anxiety, hope, expectation; all seemed to impress themselves by turns on the voiceless and sightless one's features.—I could almost *read the letter* on Laura's eloquent face, which those

mute signs, quick as lightning, were conveying to her mind!

I might well have been reminded of the illumined alabaster vase to which some one imaginatively compared a celebrated poet's countenance, for really Laura's face appeared almost like a crystal one, and the mighty mystery of mind seemed peering through the transparent casket. I do not think I ever saw any features that had a voice to help them, or eyes to look with, speak so impressively with their varied changes. All her features and movements seemed forced by her active mind to act as voice, tongue, and eyes.

When we first entered the asylum, the blind children were singing, in a sort of music-hall, furnished with a good organ. What a pleasure must this be to these poor bereaved beings! Their voices sounded very sweet and solemn, and they had evidently been carefully taught.

The Institution for the Blind is admirably situated, on open and elevated ground, and commands a noble and splendid prospect of the island-studded harbour, the city, and the circumjacent country: its lofty position, and the pure air that circulates around it, are, no doubt, highly conducive to the health of the pupils. But how mournful to think, on looking

out of the vast opened windows of the establishment, that all this beauty and glory can shine not to those poor benighted eyes!

New Haven is lovely; but I must explain to what it owes its principal charm: it is to the exceeding profusion of its stately elms, which render it not only one of the most charming but one of the most "unique" cities I ever beheld. From these trees it is called the "City of Elms," and it may be imagined how delightful a place of residence they must make it in the heat of an American summer. Even now we find their shade very welcome; and wherever we go, in street or suburb, we see these umbrageous trees — in short, I think, there are multitudinous avenues of them.

We lately paid a very interesting visit to the college library with a lady to whom I had a letter, and who has been most friendly and kind since our stay here. In this city is Yale College, which is said to have a greater number of students than any other college in the United States. Yale College was founded at Killingworth, in 1701, and subsequently established at New Haven 1717. There are several college halls, about one hundred and four feet long by forty feet wide and four stories high;

a hall for theological students, a chapel, the Lyceum, and the Athenæum. Behind the main building is another range which contains a building devoted to an interesting collection of paintings by Col. Trumbull; a chemical laboratory, and the Common's Hall, which has in its second story a fine mineralogical cabinet, supposed to be by far the most complete in the United States. Buildings devoted to the law and medical departments are hard by. We saw in the library a likeness of poor Major André, drawn by himself, just before his execution, and a lock of his hair.

I was particularly interested in my visit to the cabinet of minerals. They boast that they have some specimens far superior to any corresponding ones in the British Museum, but this is a knotty point which I am not at all competent to decide. The specimens of meteoric iron struck me certainly as extraordinarily fine: one piece was truly enormous, and if the theory of some natural philosophers respecting their lunar origin be correct, it seems almost frightful to think of such an iron rock being launched at us from such a distance! We had better take care and keep on good terms with the moon, if she can bombard us thus. One can hardly help wondering, when gazing on that

huge projectile, how so many poets and poetasters have escaped her vengeance, making her, as they do, the target for their rhyming arrows, without mercy or compunction. Long suffering must the "Casta Diva" be indeed!

Besides my letter to Mrs. W——, I had one for Mrs. D——. They both appear highly-accomplished and agreeable persons, and are nearly related to wealthy planters in the south. Owing to Mrs. D—— being absent from New Haven during the greater part of the time we were there, I saw the more of Mrs. W—— and her daughter: I found them most particularly pleasing and amiable. It was with them we went to the colleges, the library and mineralogical cabinet. We had the advantage of meeting Professor Silliman, jun. at the latter, who was kind enough to accompany us round, and his elucidatory observations rendered our visit far more attractive and interesting than it would otherwise have been.

The chief benefactor of the college, Governor Yale (from whom the institution received its name), died July 8, 1721. Here is the old gentleman's epitaph (in the churchyard at Wrexham) :—

"Under this tomb lyes interred ELIHU YALE, of Place Gronow, Esq. Born 5th April, 1648, and dyed the 8th of July, 1721, aged seventy-three years.

Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Afric travelled, and in Asia wed,
Where long he lived and thrived ; at London dead.
Much good, some ill he did ; so hope all 's even,
And that his soul through Mercy 's gone to Heaven.
You that survive and read, take care,
For this most certain exit to prepare ;
For only the actions of the Just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

The last two lines are a naughty plagiarism from old Shirley, and poor Charles Lamb would have taken, perhaps, offence at the previous two. Touching the plagiarism, it is more pardonable than the almost parody I once saw in a country churchyard in England, on Lord Byron's fine lines—

"Bright be the place of thy soul," &c.

The line—

"On earth she was all but divine,"

was thus rendered :—

"On earth she was all *we could wish.*"

The rhyme was unmercifully sacrificed ; not even did they deign to press an extraneous line, slightly altered into the service, and say—

"And the spoon ran away with the dish."

I return to old Governor Yale.* One of his daughters married a son of the then Duke of Devonshire ; another, a grandson of the Earl of Guilford. It was he of whom Collins says in his "Peerage of England :"—" he brought such quantities of goods from India that, finding no house large enough to stow them in, he had a public sale of the overplus, and that was the first auction in England."

Yale College was instituted when Connecticut was in its infancy, and has exerted a powerful influence over its literary, moral, social, and religious character. A new department was established in the college in 1847, called the Department of Philosophy and the Arts. The gentleman I have mentioned, Professor Silliman, jun., instructs in elementary and analytical chemistry, mineralogy, and metallurgy.

I was talking, the other day, to Mrs. W—— and her daughter of the capabilities of the black people for making good domestic servants, and remarking how very civil, attentive, and intelli-

* On the monument to Governor Eaton is a quaint inscription. He was buried here, with his son-in-law and daughter near him. It thus concludes:—

"T' attend you, sir, under these framed stones,
Are come your honoured son and daughter Jones,
On each hand to repose their wearied bones."

gent we had uniformly found the black waiters and attendants we had occasionally encountered. I was surprised to hear them condemn them unconditionally, and declare they carefully avoided having any of them in their house; speaking in no measured terms of their having many uneradicably bad habits. How different from Mr. Webster's expressed opinion concerning them! But it is very natural that they should, from their Carolinian antecedents, be disposed not to judge the coloured race with much impartiality; and it is certainly probable that, after being accustomed to them as slaves, they would be likely to be a little impatient of them as servants. Altogether, I can easily imagine the household arrangements, under the circumstances of the case, not being conducted very harmoniously or satisfactorily to either party.

The old black waiter who attends on us here is an admirable specimen of his class. He is invaluable to the master of the establishment, and I find he is constantly spoken of by the white servants, quite respectfully, as "Mr. Williams." He speaks particularly good English, without any twang, and has the manners of a quiet, highly-respectable English butler.

We saw one very curious specimen of a dandy among his fellow-colourists, lounging down the street. He was a sable Count d'Orsay. His toilette was the most elaborately *recherché* you can imagine. He seemed intensely and harmlessly happy in his coat and waistcoat, of the finest possible materials; and the careful carelessness of the adjustment of the wool and hat was not readily to be surpassed.

The more I see of American society, the more I like it. In general, I should say, they are a peculiarly sensitive people, and yet very forbearing and not easily offended. They are generally accused of being conceited. I can only say, as far as I have seen, their candour appears to be far more remarkable than their conceit. Indeed, I have perpetually found them volunteer remarks on what they consider defects in their manners and customs, with the greatest possible good-humour and ingenuousness. Nay, I have sometimes, in common honesty, found myself compelled to take their part against themselves. In travelling, their courtesy, their good-temper, their obligingness, their utter unselfishness, are beyond all praise.

This town is delightfully situated. It is built round the head of the bay, and is partly

skirted by an amphitheatre of hills, of which two, at their termination, present steep bluffs, which rise, indeed, almost perpendicularly to the height of three hundred and seventy feet. The population is about 20,500. We have had several charming drives with Mrs. and Miss W——. The country surrounding New Haven is very picturesque and fine, and these bluffs look very imposing. They took us to see some exceedingly nice country houses, with grounds well laid out. Their own mansion was a very pretty one (as was also Mrs. D——'s), completely embowered in trees, except on one side, where there was a beautiful garden.

The noise the katydids, tree-frogs, and crickets make at New Haven, is inconceivable —almost enough to interrupt the students at their labours. The former repeat very plainly the sound that gives them their name, in a most positive and authoritative manner; and, after a little time, you will hear others apparently replying, "Katy-didn't." Of course the prodigious number of these insects at New Haven arises from the multitude of trees.

The Americans, I find, call the New Englanders Yankees in general; though, I believe,

the meaning of the term varies according to the section of the country you happen to be in. They tell me that almost all the Americans met with abroad, especially those who venture into remote localities, such as India, China, Australia, Polynesia, and other distant regions, are Yankees, *i. e.*, New Englanders; and that of these, by far the greater part are the enterprising, active, indefatigable, Connecticut Yankees. It is said, if you ask a Connecticut Yankee, in any part of the world, how he is, he will, if not "sick," answer "moving, sir," equivalent to saying "well;" for, if well, he is sure to be on the move.

CHAPTER XIII.

BRIDGEPORT. — THE IRISH HOUSEMAID. — ULTRA-REPUBLICANS EVEN IN AMERICA. — THE GREAT CROTON AQUEDUCT DESCRIBED. —SUPPLY OF WATER TO NEW YORK. — NEW YORK TROTTERS—DELMONICO'S HOTEL.—EXCURSION WITH AMERICAN FRIENDS.—GLORIOUS SCENERY OF STATEN'S ISLAND.—GREENWOOD CEMETERY.— ITS EXTENT, SCENERY AND MONUMENTS. —MISS LYNCH THE POETESS AND FREDERIKA BREMER.

In coming here (to Delmonico's Hotel, New York), on the 14th October, from New Haven, we stopped at Bridgeport, at a rather indifferent hotel,—that is to say, compared with the generality of the hotels in the United States. I believe it is near that town that the well-known Mr. Barnum, of Tom Thumb and "woolly horse" notoriety, has his abode—his splendid abode, I fancy I may say, if the accounts generally given of it are correct.

We did not see Bridgeport to advantage, as it rained a good deal while we were there. Both V—— and I were quite sorry to leave the City of Elms, and our very kind friends Mrs. and Miss W——, and Mrs. D——, who had made our sojourn there so singularly agree-

able. I should think Bridgeport is a pretty place when you can see it, which we could scarcely do for the cascade-like rain during our short stay.

There was a poor Irish housemaid there who touched our feelings extremely: we had watched her with compassion in the pouring rain milking the cows, her gown-skirt over her head, crouched in the wet grass. When she came in with our tea we asked her some questions about her leaving Ireland, and she appeared delighted to talk about the "ould country;" ill off as she had been there. She seemed to think it the most beauteous and charming place on the face of the globe. Every time we saw her after that, we had a little talk about "the fair Emerald Isle;" and on our coming away, when I gave her a little gratuity, she fairly burst into tears and thanked me most heartily; but, I verily believe, more for talking to her about beautiful "ould Ireland," and displaying interest in her simple history, than for the trifle I presented her with. She sobbed out as we took leave, "Och sure, my heart warmed towards ye from the first, when I found ye was from the *ould countries!*" thus cordially uniting together the land of the Saxon with her own far-off Erin.

I have been reading some extracts from late

American newspapers, which I enclose, concerning the tariff. It is easily to be seen that there are radicals and ultra-republicans in the United States as well as elsewhere, which I think is scarcely well known to politicians in England. What intemperance of language there is in these extracts! To judge by the meeting described, they seem just as violent as the malcontents of Europe, and fully as discontented with their government; but if they ever did more than talk here, they would find no merciful Louis the Sixteenths, or Charles the Tenths, or hesitating, compromising, concession-making Louis Philippes: the executive would deal with them at once with determination, promptitude, and just whatever amount of severity might be deemed necessary.

I have found those kindest of friends, Mrs. Barclay and Mrs. W. Barclay here. Mrs. Barclay most kindly invited me to spend the winter with them in Georgia, but as I wished extremely to go down the Mississippi to New Orleans, I, with great reluctance, declined their truly friendly proposal. We went with them one day to see the high bridge of the great Croton aqueduct. It is very magnificent indeed. This bridge crosses Harlem river and is made of stone: it is one thousand four

hundred and fifty feet long, with fourteen piers, eight of which bear arches of eighty feet span, and seven others of fifty feet span, one hundred and fourteen feet above tide water at the top. It has cost about nine hundred thousand dollars. The whole cost of the aqueduct will be about fourteen million dollars.

"The aqueduct commences about five miles from the Hudson," says 'Appleton's Railroad Companion,' "and is about forty miles from the city hall. The dam, which is two hundred and fifty feet long, seventy feet wide at the bottom and seven at the top, and forty feet high, is built of stone and cement. A pond five miles in length is created by the dam, covering a surface of four hundred acres, and containing five hundred million gallons of water. From the dam the aqueduct proceeds, sometimes tunnelling through solid rocks, crossing valleys by embankments and brooks by culverts, until it reaches Harlem river. It is built of stone, brick, and cement, arched over and under; is six feet three inches wide at the bottom, seven feet eight inches at the top of the side walls, and eight feet five inches high; it has a descent of thirteen inches and a quarter per mile, and will discharge sixty millions of gallons in twenty-four hours."

Then follows a description of the High Bridge, and it goes on to say: "The receiving reservoir is at Eighty-sixth-street and Sixth-avenue, covering thirty-five acres, and containing one hundred and fifty million gallons of water. There is now no city in the world better supplied with pure and wholesome water than New York, and the supply would be abundant if the population were five times its present number." Another account I have seen proceeds to say, that the distributing reservoir on Murray's-hill, in Fortieth-street, covers about four acres, and is constructed of stone and cement, raised forty-five feet above the street, and contains twenty millions of gallons. The water is thence distributed over the city in iron pipes, laid sufficiently deep under ground so as to be secure from frost.

As we returned from the "High Bridge," we were passed by some of the famous New York trotters, who flew by at a most wonderful pace, drawing after them almost invisible little light vehicles.

Delmonico's is a most excellent hotel, admirably conducted: it has all sorts of comforts and conveniences; charming apartments, delightful baths of all kinds, and during the whole day a number of extremely good carriages for hire

by the hour, or just as you choose, are drawn up before the door. In addition to this, the attendance is remarkably good.

We dined at Mr. H. Grinnell's,* the other evening (to whom I had letters from Mr. C——): he is brother of Mr. J. Grinnell, at whose hospitable house we were staying at New Bedford. I like Mrs. H. Grinnell exceedingly, and her daughter seems a most thoroughly well-educated and accomplished young lady. Mr. Grinnell showed us some specimens of Californian gold that looked remarkably pure. Their drawing-rooms were adorned with some beautiful Italian paintings.

I have just returned from an agreeable little excursion to Staten's Island, to dine and sleep at Mr. and Mrs. Cunard's enchanting villa in this beautiful locality. No words can describe the magnificence of American autumnal colouring. When the sun rose on the rainbow-tinted woods of the island in the morning, what a glorious blazing world we beheld! The scenery of Staten's Island is superb, and not only is that well worthy of admiration, but its situation commands a glorious view of the Bay of New York, Long Island, &c.

* This is the gentleman who subscribed so munificently to the American expedition in search of Sir John Franklin.

We had, indeed, a delightful visit, though from my stupidly misunderstanding what Mr. Cunard said, I thought it was limited to a dinner invitation, and, consequently, we arrived at the house maid-less, trunkless, and carpet-bag-less. Light was soon thrown upon the mistake; but we found though we had not burnt our ships, yet that no mode of retreat was open to us, for the last steamer for New York had already departed. However, Mrs. Cunard most kindly supplied us with all possible paraphernalia and caparisons and appointments, and we passed a charming evening listening to the beautiful instrumental music, with which Mrs. Cunard, who is an admirable performer, entertained us delightfully.

I must now give a brief account of Greenwood Cemetery, which we visited the other day in company with Mr. and Miss Grinnell, who obligingly insisted on taking us there, and showing us the place. It is in the south part of Brooklyn, about three miles from Fulton Ferry (you may also go to Greenwood by the new ferry, at Whitehall, which lands you in the vicinity of the cemetery on a very long pier). Greenwood contains two hundred and forty-two acres, of which a great part is beautifully covered by woods of a natural growth;

and I think the suprisingly brilliant colours of Autumn are more striking and exquisite here than those at Staten Island, or New Haven, or in the country before we came to New York. These were perfectly extraordinary—the most dazzling scarlet, the most golden and vivid yellows and tyrian purples, and rich, deep, velvet-like crimsons, and delicate pale primrose-tints, and soft surviving greens, and rose-hues, such as flush the lips of Indian shells — all cast their sumptuous shadowings over the quiet graves, like the reflections from richly-painted windows "blushing with the blood of kings and queens," in some mighty old cathedral. The views from the heights of the cemetery were sublime. I admired the one from Ocean Hill the most. There is a lovely variety of valleys, elevations, plains, groves, and glades, and paths. When will London have anything even *approaching* to this magnificent cemetery? The ocean rolling and moaning, with its fine melancholy, organ-like sounds, so near, like a mighty mourner, she cannot have, nor the gorgeous pall cast over the tombs by a Western Autumn; but all the rest she could have, and yet has not.

The Cemetery is traversed by many winding paths and avenues, all beautiful and solemn.

Some of the monuments are interesting. There is one to an Iowa Indian Princess, named Dohumme; another handsome one to a young lady who was killed while returning from a ball. There is one thing which I did not quite like, and yet it is not only useful, but necessary, and that is, having "Guide Boards" given to visitors, to direct them in these solemn labyrinths. We were told that, but for this precaution, many persons would probably lose themselves in the Cemetery; still, there is something not in keeping with all the rest in these melancholy, methodical maps; but that is only fanciful.

We met, a short time since, at Mr. and Mrs. Willis's, Miss Lynch, the poetess: she is expecting Miss Frederika Bremer to pay her a visit, shortly. Miss Bremer's works are very popular in the States. I believe she is going to remain in America some time. Miss Lynch, who has kindly sent me a delightful volume of her poems, reminded me a little of our poor L. E. L. in her manner and conversation.

CHAPTER XIV.

PHILADELPHIA. — INCESSANT UPROAR IN THAT CITY.—ITS CUSTOM-HOUSE AND CEMETERIES. — BALTIMORE. — BATTLE AND WASHINGTON MONUMENTS. — THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL. — THE MERCHANTS' SHOT TOWER.—ITS TRADE AND COMMERCE. —ITS INCREASE AND POPULATION.— BALTIMORE CLIPPERS.— BARNUM'S HOTEL. — SENSITIVENESS OF AMERICANS TO COLD. —THE DEAF GENTLEMAN AND HIS STENTORIAN FRIEND. — ANTHRICITE COAL FIRES.

We came to Baltimore, *viâ* Philadelphia; and though I very much admired the regularity of the Iron City's streets, and the beauty of many of the principal buildings, its profusion of white marble, and its perfection of cleanliness, I was glad to escape from its unearthly nightly noises, and the wars and rumours of wars which seemed unceasing and ever-increasing in the City of Brotherly Love,—to Baltimore.

The Society of Friends at any rate, methinks, must gain many converts in the former place. Verily I was a Quaker all the time I stayed there, and still tremble at the recollection of it. All night a sound, as of a masque and procession of one hundred menageries let loose, filled

one's ears. The deserts of Africa seemed to have disgorged half their denizens on the beautiful streets of fair Philadelphia; while bells, horns, gongs, and rattling fire-engines, helped to swell the hideous chorus.

I had understood there had been, some time ago, serious riots at Philadelphia, but that they were all over now, and I was, naturally, surprised at this hubbub; but on inquiring the next morning, all I learnt was, — it was the fashion of the dwellers of Moyamensing, a suburb of Philadelphia, called, I believe, a "district," to regale the ears of the inhabitants of that city frequently with such harmonious serenades. These gentlemen appear to indulge in very peculiar notions of music and melody, and to be resolved that at least their neighbours shall admire no rival harmonists, by leaving them completely deafened by their din. The Moyamensingists, in short, seem to look upon a riot or a row, or something resembling it, as the first necessary of life: they also would seem to entertain a new theory with regard to sleep, and to consider it as a wholly needless indulgence. To any one not participating in these sentiments, Philadelphia (while thus apparently at the mercy of this theoretical and experimentalizing suburb) cannot be an

eligible place of residence, I think: Sancho Panza certainly would shun it; for blessed, he declared, was the man who invented sleep.

It is said, it is the coloured people residing in Moyamensing, who are the chief ringleaders of these frequent riots; but I know not how this may be. At New York I heard the authorities at Philadelphia very much found fault with for their supineness in allowing these disturbances to take place: if there was a proper amount of energy and resolution displayed, it was said, Philadelphia might be as orderly and tranquil as the other cities of the United States.

Our hotel is opposite a beautiful building, the Custom House, (formerly the United States Bank), of the Doric order of architecture, built in imitation of the Parthenon at Athens, but lacking the side colonnades; it reminded me much of its glorious prototype, except in its situation, which is unfavourable to it. There are some fine cemeteries here: "Laurel Hill," "Green Mount Cemetery," and others which my brief stay did not allow me to visit.

Baltimore is a very handsome city, situated on the north side of the Patapsco River. Jones's Fall, a confluent of the Patapsco, divides it into two parts. (This is an ill-sounding conjunction of Anglo-Saxon and Indian names. Again

I rejoice at the luck that spared Niagara from a denomination similar to the preceding one !) Three fine stone bridges and four wooden ones crossing this stream connect the different parts of the city.

The streets of Baltimore are, in general, very regular, clean, broad, and straight, and it has several fine monuments, amongst which tower conspicuously, Battle Monument, and Washington Monument. The Catholic Cathedral is a noble structure: it has the largest organ in the Union;—this instrument has six thousand pipes and thirty-six stops: and the cathedral has two valuable paintings, one presented by Louis the Sixteenth, and the other ("St. Louis burying his officers and soldiers slain before Tunis") given by Charles the Tenth. The Merchants' Shot Tower here rises above all the monuments that distinguish Baltimore : it is two hundred and fifty feet high, and is said to be higher than any similar building in the world, exceeding by one foot that at Villach, in Carinthia.

Baltimore is said to be the greatest flour market in existence (within twenty miles of the city there are seventy or more flouring mills); and no city in the United States deals so extensively in tobacco. The Patapsco affords numerous valuable mill sites (falling eight hun-

dred feet in thirty miles); and Jones's Falls also yield a considerable water-power—it has thus great advantages for manufactures, and they appear to keep pace with its commerce.

This flourishing city spreads rapidly: one thousand nine hundred and fifty-nine houses were erected during the year 1847, the assessed value of which is more than two million six hundred thousand dollars. The population, in 1840, was 102,313; it is now said to be about 125,000. The capital of Maryland contains upwards of one hundred churches. The Maryland University is here: it constitutes one of the most important institutions of the kind in the country.

Canton, a skeleton suburb of the city of monuments, is waiting for nothing but—houses; like the magnificent library at E——, that had everything complete except books.

Baltimore has an admirable harbour, which is incessantly crowded with shipping: and who has not heard of the Baltimore clippers, that start "before the wind has time to reach their sails, and never allow it to come up with them?"

We are at a magnificent hotel here, called "Barnum's," and its comforts and excellent arrangements are scarcely to be surpassed. It

is admirably conducted, and if it has not quite the "*gentleman-like porters*" spoken of in some of the hotel cards, it has, at least, a set of most attentive and assiduous domestics.

In coming by the railroad here, I was struck one evening by the dread the Americans appear to have of catching cold. The car was extremely close, and V—— and I let down our window, and much enjoyed the cool, fresh air, which we thus secured in our immediate vicinity—we beheld instantly a simultaneous stir among the passengers. At first, I could not think that the fresh, but hardly cold, air, I had been instrumental in introducing to the crowded and suffocating car, occasioned this movement; but I soon ascertained that such was the fact, on seeing a gentleman carefully barricading himself with a large carpet-bag against the assaults of his aerial foe. His appearance, just peeping over this gaudy-patterned, defensive wall, was rather comical.

One opened a vast umbrella, and disappeared behind its ample shade from scrutiny and the supposed severity of the elements, looking—as there was neither rain nor sun—like that Asiatic potentate above whose head, as a sign of royalty, an umbrella is reverentially and habitually carried. There was a general raising of collars

and buttoning of coats, and slouching of hats, and shrinking, and shrugging; but all were too courteous and obliging to remonstrate, and I am not sure that one of the victims did not actually most politely assist us to open this terrible window, though so much to his own discomfiture.

Shall I confess it? grieved as I was to cause so much apparent annoyance, I had not the magnanimity to raise the glass—I felt so sure that, though unpalatable to them, this homœopathic dose of pure air was for their good. It must be, no doubt, the great variability and the violent extremes of their climate, that render them thus susceptible of the slightest chill. I heard some saying; "we shall all be frozen before we get to our journey's end," yet there was only a little part of the window open, and the only persons close to it were ourselves. I think I ought to have shut it notwithstanding; but I can only hope none of the passengers suffered from this barbarous infliction of Zephyrus. We who stood the whole brunt of it certainly did not.

The room adjoining our sitting-room is occupied by an exceedingly deaf gentleman, and he has the advantage of possessing a friend who has a tremendously loud voice—a perfect Stentor: the hallooing and bawling are past descrip-

tion. In consequence of this proximity, we found Baltimore by day almost as noisy as Philadelphia by night. At first I could not imagine what the shouting was, and thought a caravan of lions or Moyamensingers had arrived, and were accommodated with apartments close by. Soon, however, the various friendly inquiries roared out, and the low, milder answers, informed me of the truth.

I was sorry, but really could not help hearing the communications addressed to the deaf gentleman, and being enlightened by them considerably about "lots," and "sales," and "dollars." What a comical effect it sometimes had to hear the most insignificant remarks hallooed out with Apollonicon-loudness, and often with a wrong emphasis, from the difficulty of sustaining and pitching the voice properly, in speaking to the deaf in that tone of "live thunder" which people ordinarily employ under such circumstances. I believe one ought, instead, to speak *low* and distinctly. Hark! listen to Stentor!—for one *must* whether one will or no. The louder shouts are italicised. "I *guess* so, sir: that *chap* in the *pepper* and salt coat *popped* in; he *hemmed* and *hawed* at first, and then *squeaked* out,—" "What?" "*Squeaked*, I say," with a roar.

The weather is beginning to get colder, and a little fire every now and then is not unpleasant. I like the anthracite coal, in which taste I am quite in a minority : it is supposed to give headaches, and to be very unwholesome ; I have never suffered from its effects as yet, and it gives so little trouble, burning quietly, and lasting for an immense time. It goes on and on like a free horse, wanting not that whip the poker, and then there is no smoke. But I think its great advantage is its burning so long without any necessity for that drawing-room earthquake, — the distracting uproar of flinging coals on the grate. In short, the coal-scuttle (that great institution of England) sings very small where anthracite is used, and its inner darkness is banished into outer darkness.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON. — PENNSYLVANIA-AVENUE. — THE "CITY OF MAGNIFICENT DISTANCES."—THE STENTORIAN GENTLEMAN AND HIS HOGS. — THE CAPITOL DESCRIBED.—MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.—THE NAVY YARD.—GEORGETOWN.—A DIGRESSION TO TUNIS.—PUBLIC BUILDINGS. — THE POST-OFFICE.—THE PATENT OFFICE.—THE TREASURY.—THE PRESIDENT'S MANSION—THE "WHITE HOUSE."—VISIT TO GENERAL TAYLOR, THE LATE PRESIDENT.—HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. BLISS. — APPEARANCE OF GENERAL TAYLOR. — HIS AFFABILITY. — HIS CONVERSATION.—INVITATION TO THE AUTHORESS.—HEAT OF THE WEATHER IN NOVEMBER.

WASHINGTON would be a beautiful city if it were built; but as it is not I cannot say much about it. There is the Capitol, however, standing like the sun, from which are to radiate majestic beams of streets and avenues of enormous breadth and astonishing length; but at present the execution limps and lingers sadly after the design.

This noble metropolitan myth hovers over the north bank of the Potomac (this Indian name means, I believe, the wild swan, or the river of the wild swan), about one hun-

dred and twenty miles from Chesapeake bay and at the head of tide water. Pennsylvania-avenue is splendid: it is about three hundred feet broad; but the houses are not colossal enough to be in keeping with the immense space appropriated to the thoroughfare. They should be at least as high as the highest of old Edinburgh houses, instead of like those of London, which some one compared to the Paris ones making a profound curtsey. Now these Pennsylvania-avenue habitations seem making a very distant curtsey indeed to their opposite non-neighbours; and it made us think of people at an immensely wide dining-table, separated as "far as the poles asunder,' by way of a pleasing rencontre and social intercourse. However, that is merely fancy; you do not want to talk across the streets; and this appearance would vanish if the houses were taller and larger.

Washington is called the "City of Magnificent Distances:" it reminds one a little of a vast plantation with the houses purposely kept far apart to give them room to grow and spread: the "sidewalks" of Pennsylvania-avenue are twenty-six feet wide.

My unseen friend, Stentor, was in the same railroad car with us from Baltimore to this

place, and the gentleman who was hard of hearing as well—at least I can hardly think there can be two sets of lungs of such marvellous power in the same country. Still, the theme of his discourse was very different; one subject occupied him all the way,—it was hogs. The car was full, I was at some distance from him, but no other voice was heard—how could it be? Poor Stentor! he was lamenting with a most lachrymose roar, the abduction of some magnificent swine: their size was something prodigious, unparalleled (*maestoso*), their fat (in a melting tone) unheard of,—they were Stentor's! The howl with which this dreadful fact was enunciated made one start.

But this was not all. Some friends, possessors of almost equally enchanting animals, had lost theirs too. "One wonderfully splendid creature of enormous dimensions (emphatically expressed in a perfect hurrah), and promising to grow much huger, was found killed (this in a lack-a-daisical bellow of grief and ire), supposed to be with a spiteful motive, but the wretches will suffer for it, (a nine-times-nine, and-one-cheer-more sort of a tone)! It was the most magnificent hog quite, that ever—" and here, wonderful to relate, the noise of the railroad, together perhaps with his own emo-

tions, overpowered the narrator. There was that terrible din that they make sometimes in the States when another train is expected. Very quickly, however, this was over, and there was Stentor shouting as loud as ever, or rather louder, as if indignant at the interruption.

"The lovely interesting widow was much afflicted," continued he. "What," thought I, "can he mean, the widow of the pig!" I found soon she was the proprietress of the fat animal he was grieving for. He thundered on in the same way, and on the same subject, till we arrived; and if he did not leave his poor friend much more deaf than he found him, it is matter of surprise. What an invaluable "muezzin" he would make!

I have had the great pleasure since I came here of making acquaintance with Madame C. de la B——, the Spanish *ministress* here, the authoress of a most charming and entertaining work on Mexico, published some years ago. It made one long to go to Mexico, and I find it is not at all impracticable, from Madame C——'s account. I have a great mind to try it.

We went to see the Capitol soon after our arrival. There is a fine colossal statue by Greenhough, of Washington, placed in front of

it. The Capitol itself is a very noble-looking and imposing structure, though I think disadvantageously situated with regard to the city, as it seems rather to present the appearance of running away from it, while, like the flight of Louis Philippe in the memorable days of February, there is nothing running after it. However, it is an exceedingly striking and handsome building, and is otherwise very finely situated.

It is built on an elevation that is about seventy-two feet above tide water. It is of the Corinthian order of architecture, and is built of freestone ; and the front, including the wings, is three hundred and fifty-two feet long, and the depth of the wings is one hundred and twenty-one feet. The projection in the main front, which looks to the East (hardly complimentary to the West, in this world of the West), is decorated by a handsome portico of twenty-two lofty Corinthian columns. The broad steps leading to the portico are adorned by pedestals, on one of which is a group in marble, representing Columbus, with a globe in his outstretched hand, and an Aboriginal American of that New World he discovered, a female figure, in a lovely, half-crouching, attitude of veneration and wonder, beside him.

The remaining pedestals will, in process of time, no doubt, be ornamented by groups of statuary. To the highest top of the dome the height of the building is one hundred and twenty feet. The rotunda, which is under the dome, is ninety-five feet in diameter, and the same in height. In this rotunda there are some celebrated pictures by Trumbull representing historical subjects.

The hall of the House of Representatives is in the second story of the south wing. Its form is semicircular; it is ninety-six feet long and sixty feet high, and has a dome supported by twenty-four columns of native variegated marble, whose capitals are of Italian marble. The chair of the Speaker occupies, so to say, the centre of the chord of the arc, the members' seats radiate back from the chair to the massive pillars. Congress is not sitting now. The Senate chamber is in the second story of the north wing, semicircular like the other, but of smaller dimensions, being seventy-eight feet long and forty-five feet high. The library is a fine room, containing thirty thousand volumes.

After seeing the Capitol, we went to have a glimpse of the Navy Yard. There we beheld two mountainous-looking ship-houses, a man-of-

war steamer, the Alleghany, lately dismantled, &c. Keeping guard on board the Alleghany, was an old Irish marine, with his face tied up for the tooth-ache,—a most lugubrious-looking sentinel.

We saw a sadder sight after that, a large number of slaves, who seemed to be forging their own chains, but they were making chains, anchors, &c., for the United States navy. I hope and think slavery will be done away with soon in the district of Columbia, where it seems indeed strikingly out of place.*

Madame C. de la B—— kindly took us to Georgetown a day or two ago in her carriage. It is on the left bank of the Potomac river, two miles to the west of Washington, from which it is separated by Rock creek, over which are two bridges. I think the situation of Georgetown delightful: it commands a fine view of the Potomac, of Washington, and the circumjacent country. Here you observe a number of handsome buildings and pleasant-looking country seats, and here, I believe, many of the *corps diplomatique* reside.

Dr. Heap, American consul at Tunis (whom we made acquaintance with there), called on me lately. I was glad to see him, but very sorry to learn that he had had more than one

* Since the letters were written this has taken place.

melancholy loss lately. His charming daughter, Mrs. Ferrier, was in a very delicate, indeed alarming, state of health while we were there: she has since died, and she left her husband suffering from the same complaint — consumption.

Dr. Heap told me how well the Bey had behaved on the occasion of the death of my poor much-esteemed friend, Sir Thomas Reade. He sent two thousand troops to attend the funeral, and offered the Abdellia to Lady Reade for her life, if she would like to live there. I was so much reminded of Tunis by the way in which Dr. Heap shook the forefinger of the right hand before his chin, whenever he wished to say "No." This negative sign is constantly used there; and I remember little dear Peter Reade, at five years old, gravely shaking his little finger backwards and forwards before his innocent childish countenance, when asked any thing from which he dissented, as solemnly as the oldest Moor in the Regency.

The General Post-Office here is a handsome, white marble building, classical and simple. The Patent Office is to the north of it, and is a very noble structure. The Treasury is splendid, and has a colonnade of extraordinarily great length and beauty. The President's mansion, usually called the "White House," is of ample size, and

of simple architecture; it has altogether a noble effect: quiet lawns surround it, and some fine trees are grouped near: it is said to be not at all in a healthy situation.

We have just paid a visit by appointment to the hero-President. Madame C —— kindly took us there. I was much pleased at being allowed to take V——: she may never have another opportunity of being presented to a President of the United States. She was delighted at going.

General Taylor received us most kindly. He had had two councils to preside over that morning, and when we first arrived at the White House, he was actually engaged in an extra Session of Council—in short, overwhelmed with business, which rendered it doubly kind and amiable of him to receive us. Mrs. Bliss, the charming daughter of the President, was in the drawing-room when we first went in. Mrs. Taylor has delicate health, and does not do the honours of the Presidential mansion. Mrs. Bliss received us most cordially and courteously, saying her father would come as soon as his presence could be dispensed with. Presently after, the President made his appearance: his manners are winningly frank, simple, and kind, and though characteristically distinguished by much straightforwardness, there is not the

slightest roughness in his address. There was a quick, keen, eagle-like expression in the eye which reminded me a little of the Duke of Wellington's.

He commenced an animated conversation with Madame C. de la B—— and us: amongst other things, speaking of the routes, he recommended me to follow, steam navigation, Mexico, and the Rio Grande, &c.

He was so exceedingly good-natured as to talk a great deal to my little girl about roses and lilies, as if he had been quite a botanist all his life. This species of the slight, childish daffydowndilly talk was so particularly and amiably considerate and kind to her, that it overcame her shyness at once, and the dread she had entertained of not understanding what he might say to her.

I was quite sorry when the time came for us to leave the White House. General Taylor strongly advised me not to leave America without seeing St. Louis: he said he considered it altogether perhaps the most interesting town in the United States: he said he recollected the greater part of it a deep dense forest. He spoke very kindly of England, and adverting to the approaching acceleration and extension of steam communication between her and America (the contemplated competition about

to be established by "Collin's line") he exclaimed, "The voyage will be made shorter and shorter, and I expect England and America will soon be quite alongside of each other, ma'am."

"The sooner the better, sir," I most heartily responded, at which he bowed and smiled.

"We are the same people," he continued, "and it is good for both to see more of each other."

"Yes," I replied, "and thus all detestable old prejudices will die away."

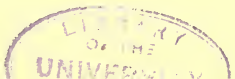
"I hope so," he said: "it will be for the advantage of both."

He continued in this strain and spoke so nobly of England, that it made one's heart bound to hear him. And he evidently felt what he said; indeed, I am sure that honest, high-hearted, true-as-steel, old hero could not say anything he did not feel or think.

A little while before we took leave he said, "I hope you will visit my farm near Natchez: Cypress Grove is the name—a sad name," he said, with a smile, "but I think you will find it interesting." I thanked him, and promised so to do. A short time previously, after talking about the beauties of Nature in the South, General Taylor had said to V——, that he

longed to return to that farm, and to his quiet home near the banks of the Mississippi, and added, that he was sorely tired of public life, and the harassing responsibilities of his high office. The President insisted most courteously on conducting us to our carriage, and bareheaded he handed us in, standing on the steps till we drove off, and cordially reiterating many kind and friendly wishes for our prosperous journey, and health, and safety.

We afterwards went to Madame C——'s, and stayed some time in her pleasant house. She kindly wishes me to go to a party at her house to night, but the sudden hot weather has given me a headache, and I fear I shall not be able. It is the Indian Summer here, now, which answers to the French "Eté de St. Martin," only it is twenty times as hot. The spacious high rooms in the White House felt quite oppressively warm, and here we are suffocated with heat, though the drawing-room is a large apartment. I think it is like a July in England, when our summer has *not* "set in with its usual severity." Fans and parasols are plentiful; and there are no fires except the apparently indispensable ones which are lit, it would almost seem, for the benefit of the very numerous fire-companies here and elsewhere in the Union.



CHAPTER XVI.

DISCOMFORTS OF TRAVELLING OVER THE ALLEGHANIES.—MR. CLAY.— PITTSBURG AS SABLE AS SHEFFIELD. — ITS POPULATION.—VISIT TO A GLASS FACTORY AND IRON FOUNDRY.—A DINGY VEHICLE.—FACTORIES AND FOUNDRIES IN PITTSBURG.—THE OHIO.—THE NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT WHEELING.—ACCIDENTS TO STEAMERS CAUSED BY IT.—COURTESY OF THE CAPTAINS AND CLERKS OF STEAMERS.—CINCINNATI.—GERMAN AND IRISH IMMIGRANTS COMPARED.—VERSES ADDRESSED TO EMIGRANTS.

We had a very cold journey to Louisville over the Alleghanies, but a safe one, which is, I find, matter of congratulation.

I think it was the day before we started from Cumberland, Mr. Clay was overturned on those rough roads: most fortunately, he was not injured. Another carriage that started about the same time we did, was detained a very long time; and the passengers had to walk a long way. I am not, in general, fond of walking, but should particularly hate such compulsory pedestrianism.

One cannot wonder at accidents in crossing these mountains, for the drivers appear to be

frequently intoxicated, and are rough and reckless, cruel to their horses, by over-urging them, and cruel to their passengers, driving often full gallop over the worst part of abominable roads, to the almost dislocation of their limbs and the bumping and thumping of their unfortunate heads against the hard roof of the vehicle. If there be any truth in phrenology, what changes in character must be wrought during a journey across the Alleghanies! The morose cynic may come out sweet as syrup; the humble with an ambition, that will be already practised in "overvaulting itself" and tumbling on the other side! A Pennsylvanian Quaker might be shaken out of all his trembling sectarianism, or a French novel-writer tossed into a demure Broadbrim. I can answer for our tempers being very materially changed.

I am particularly sorry to miss seeing Mr. Clay, for whom I had a letter of introduction from Mr. ——: it is the only disappointment I have yet had in America. He crossed the Alleghanies for Washington in good time to avoid bad roads and bad weather. The first he certainly did not.

We stopped at Pittsburg on our way hither at an excellent hotel, called the Monongahela

House. At Pittsburg we went to see some manufactories, and iron foundries, in a sort of coal-scuttle on wheels. No mourning coach was ever so thoroughly black, methinks, inwardly and outwardly; and, that we might be in keeping with our vehicle, we found it obligingly undertook (without any outlay or trouble on our part) to put us all into decent mourning.

Pittsburg has as sable a complexion as Sheffield. It is situated at the confluence of the Monongahela and the Alleghany (the latter name, I believe, means "clear water"), which by their union form the noble Ohio. These two rivers, together, avail not to cleanse sooty Pittsburg; if they did, as Coleridge said of the Rhine at Cologne, nothing could ever wash them clean again (though it has *not* the hundred and seventy-two distinct "*mauvaises odeurs*" of that city). Nevertheless, in spite of its brunette colouring, it is a handsome town. With its suburbs, it contains about seventy-five thousand inhabitants; some say a hundred thousand.

A great number of Germans are settled at Pittsburg. In one manufactory (a glass one) we heard hardly any language but German spoken. An American in that manufactory looked rather reproachfully at us, with a glassy eye — or an

eye to the glass — and said, we English were underselling them in articles of this material. I bore the "brittle" impeachment as well as I could; — this glass was slippery ground, and I was fain to slide off it.

In the place we next went to, without meaning to insinuate anything to the prejudice of Pittsburg, which is a well-principled and orthodox city, I doubt not, it really appeared to me they had dealings in the black art—(I must beg to disclaim any allusion to the half-mourning tints which seem the fashion here)—so wondrous was the rapidity of the processes, and the way in which the workmen appeared to be snowballing one another with huge lumps and blocks of red hot iron. The noise was very great, and the glare; but in the midst of the confusion a woman stood with a mite of a baby in her arms, an infant Cyclop, or young Vulcan himself, in bib and tucker,—to judge by the coolness with which it surveyed the scene and listened to the noise, as if the whole were got up for its especial edification, and it would like much to have all those pretty playthings that were being tossed about on all sides.

It was late, and our "coal-scuttle" stopped the way, so we departed, still leaving little Vulcan evidently deeply engaged in teaching

his own young idea how to shoot, or to toss those nice balls of red hot iron, which he would also have liked uncommonly to stuff into his mouth, big as they were. We stepped most gingerly into our jetty coach; but in vain did we try to escape being made finished chimney-sweepers. Methinks it must have served a subterraneous apprenticeship in some coal-mine as a lowly waggon for conveyance of that article, before it was promoted to its present office above-ground—the reverse of the fate of mortals. The driver was hopelessly black, having the features, however, of a white man, and the brogue of the Green Erin. He affected to guard our dresses from the wheel as we ascended, which delicate attention was but a refinement of barbarity, adding insult to injury. We met a number of similarly sable coaches, but I think ours bore the *belle*.

There are twenty-five furnaces, and five forges and rolling mills in Pittsburg, besides which, there are woollen and cotton factories, machine shops, tanneries, and hardware, cutlery, and several other manufactories in abundance. The city is lighted by gas, which is produced by the bituminous coal that fills the hills which surround Pittsburg. Most of the extensive manufactories are not *in* the city, but are

distributed over a circle of about five miles' radius from the Court house, which stands on Grant's Hill. One of the suburbs of Pittsburg is called Birmingham.

The Ohio quite exceeded my expectations: the river and the scenery are both beautiful. We came under a splendid new suspension bridge at Wheeling, which is, however, a bone of contention just now between various parties. It seems, the bridge is not high enough for some of the lofty funnels of the steamers, and several of these have had some very hard knocks. There are great complaints in consequence; and the poor captains of these crippled boats seem, to judge by the newspapers, to take their disfigurement and discomfiture quite to heart. Captain This has felt himself grievously wounded through the knock-down blows dealt at the splendid steamer "Explosion," by the bridge aforesaid; and Captain That thinks he will never entirely recover — indeed, will carry sympathetically to the end of his days the marks left on his beautiful steamer, the "Racer."

If there is any safety in new steamers, we need not just now be afraid of boilers bursting, or any such *foreseen* accidents, on these rivers; for, since this new and destruction-dealing bridge has been built, it is extraordinary how

every steamer on the river, according to the complainants' statements (save those with low funnels) seems equally "new," "splendid," and just "come out." It must be provoking, it is true, to be knocked on the head,—of your steamer, and to be forced to cut her down yourself without mercy. That bridge, in short, proves a "bridge of sighs" to the navigators of the Ohio. As for our boat, being of moderate proportions, she did not receive the slightest contusion on her crown. She was, (though not holding her head as high as some) an extremely fine and comfortable vessel.

The captains of these steamers appear universally a most gentleman-like set of persons, and the clerks are always as civil and obliging as possible. The other day, having heard one particular steamer was the best, I sent to take places in it: all was arranged and paid, but the person who had taken the tickets had mistaken a rival boat for the one specified. When I found out this misunderstanding, which was not till we went down to the wharf to embark, I went to the clerk (not liking the appearance of this boat so much as that of the opposition one to which we had been recommended) and informed him of the error that had been committed, and asked if we might be allowed to change. He most cour-

teously complied, and returned the money. In the hurry of departure, I did not do what I *now* feel sorry I did not—return such civility by going by the smaller boat after all; for such obliging conduct deserves to meet with reciprocal complaisance.

We only stopped a day at Cincinnati, for the hotels were all crowded, which made it extremely uncomfortable. The "Queen City of the West," is built on the north bank of the Ohio. It has floating wharves, which are rendered necessary by the continual and rapid fluctuations of the river. It is a very handsome city, and in a remarkably fine situation. In 1840, the population was 46,338; and now it is estimated at about 110,000. I asked them, at Pittsburg, and other places, how they liked the German immigrants. You almost invariably receive the same reply to this question:—"Very much. They are the best immigrants possible: industrious, generally sober and quiet—not quarrelsome like the Irish." Then they added—"but we could not do without the Irish. They build all our railroads, make our roads, canals, and do all the hardest work in the country."

"Wanderers! who come from many a distant zone,
To gaze on Nature's Transatlantic throne:—
Wanderers!—whose feet like mine ne'er trod before,
This proud, magnificently-various shore;

Ne'er lightly view the thousand scenes sublime
Of great America's resplendent clime ;
But still, in thoughtful mood's observant care
Weigh well the many-mingling glories there.
Since all the loftier wonders of the land
Are most admired, when best ye understand.
'Tis a glad, gracious study for the soul,
As part by part the Heaven-stamped leaves unroll,
To watch the crowning triumphs still expand,
The will, the wisdom live along the land !
Not only all-majestic Nature here
Speaks to each kindling thought, but far and near
A large and mighty meaning seems to lurk,
A glorious mind is everywhere at work !—
A bold, grand spirit rules and reigns around,
And sanctifies the common air and ground ;
And glorifies the lowliest herb and stone
With conscious tints and touches of its own ;—
A spirit ever flashing back the sun,
That scorns each prize while aught is to be won ;—
More boundless than the prairie's wondrous sweep,
Or the old Atlantic's long-resounding deep ;—
And more luxuriant than the forest's crowd
Of patriarch trees, by weightiest foliage bowed ;—
More rich than California's teeming mould,
Whose hoarded sunbeams laugh to living gold ;—
More soaring far than the immemorial hills,
More fresh and flowing than their streams and rills,
That mind of quenchless energy and power
Which springs from strength to strength, hour after hour ;
Man's glorious mind in its most glorious mood,—
That seems for aye, on every side to brood
In this empurpled and exultant land
So gladly bowed beneath its bright command.
Man's sovereign mind in its most sovereign march,
Embracing earth, like light's own rainbowed arch.
That soul—that mind, 'tis every where revealed,—
It crowns the steep, it gilds the cultured field,

Bids science, art, and studious knowledge aid,
Till all hath heard its voice, and all obeyed.
It charms the waste, and paves the rushing stream,
And scarce allows the sun a vagrant beam;
The obsequious lightning to its service trains,
And bids the elements to wear its chains.
It tames the rugged soil of rocks,—and flings
From seas to seas the shadow of its wings;
And Time and Space in that great shadow rest,
And watch to serve their ruler-sons' behest;
And still its growing, gathering influence spreads,
And still abroad its own great life it sheds
O'er mount and lake, o'er cataract, field, and flood—
O'er rock, and cave, and isle, o'er plain and wood:
It lives, it lightens, and its might inspires
Each separate scene with fresh creative fires.
Where'er it moves a wondering world awakes,
And fast all nature's form its likeness takes;—
It quickening thrills, and kindles and pervades
Her startled deserts and receding shades,
Her mightiest solitudes and paths unknown,
Her deep-veiled shrines, and well-springs pure and lone.
America's great Mind,—*the true* New World,
Launched like the sun, 'gainst th' elder darkness hurled;
Hung, as The Heavens are hung, above them all,
And holding their sublimest powers in thrall!

It must be confessed that Cincinnati, the pride of the banks of "La belle Rivière," is in fact what its nickname, "Porkopolis," implies—the Empire City of Pigs, as well as of the West; but it is fortunate that they condescendingly allow human beings to share that truly magnificent location with them.

CHAPTER XVII.

DESCRIPTION OF LOUISVILLE.—ITS TRADE AND NATURAL PRODUCTIONS.—ITS SOIL AND RIVERS.—THE KENTUCKY CAVES.—A VISIT TO ONE.—ITS AVENUES, DOMES, CATARACTS, PITS, AND RIVERS.—A SEA IN IT.—THE VOCIFEROUS BATS.—ECHOES OF THE CAVE.—THE CAVE ONCE THE RESIDENCE OF CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS.—THE EYELESS FISH.—THE NARROW PATH AND THE FAT ENGLISHMAN.—VAST EXTENT OF THE CAVE.—VERSES SUGGESTED BY IT.

We have had a very interesting expedition to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. But, first, a word of Louisville itself.

It is a fine city, and the best lighted, I think, that I have seen in the United States. I imagine the Louisvillians are proud of this, as they have their diligences start at four o'clock in the winter's morning! It is the chief commercial city of Kentucky, and lies on the south bank of the Ohio. The canal from Portland enables large steamers to come to the wharves. An extensive trade is carried on here, and there are manufactories of various descriptions, the facilities offered by the enormous water-power of the region assisting greatly in the development

of this department of industry. There are numerous factories, foundries, woollen and cotton mills, flour mills, &c. The population is about forty-seven thousand: in 1800, it was only six hundred. Kentucky is a very prosperous state.

The natural growths of the soil are—the black cherry, black walnut, chestnut, honey-locust, buck-eye, pawpaw, mulberry, sugar-maple, ash, elm, white-thorn, cotton-wood, an abundance of grape-vines, and various others. Part of the country we traversed in going to "The Cave," is called the "barrens;" other portions looked very fertile, and reminded me exceedingly of England. "The Barrens," were bestowed some time ago gratuitously on actual settlers, as the legislature of the State were under the erroneous impression that the tract was of little value; but it proved to be remarkably good grain land, and particularly well adapted to grazing and the successful rearing of cattle.

Below the mountains, the whole of Kentucky, it appears, rests on an enormous bed of limestone, generally about eight feet beneath the surface. Everywhere in this formation are found apertures, which they denominate "Sink holes." Through these the flowing waters of the rivers disappear into the earth. Several

of these were pointed out to us on our journey. Owing to this, the waters in Kentucky are more impoverished and diminished during the hot and dry season, than those of any other portion of the United States, and the lesser streams vanish entirely.

The banks of the rivers are quite natural curiosities. Very profound channels are usually worn in the calcareous rock, which they pass over in their course. The Kentucky river especially is said to have sublime precipices of great height, on either side, consisting of almost perpendicular banks of solid limestone.

There are several huge caves between Green and Cumberland rivers; but the one we went to see is the largest. The size of it may be guessed when I inform the reader that we walked in it the first day eight miles, four in and four out; and the second fourteen, seven in and seven out, hardly traversing any of the same ground, except just at the beginning. In fact, this marvellous cave is a little subterranean state in itself, that might almost claim to be admitted separately into the Union, if it had any population besides mummies and bats (and, alas! the former have disappeared, to our regret).

The cave contains, it is said, two hundred

and twenty-six avenues! It has, besides, forty-seven domes, eight cataracts, twenty-three pits, and several rivers—one, the river Styx—and, I believe, a small sea, the Dead Sea. The Echo river (called so from its possessing a very remarkable and powerful echo) is wide enough and deep enough to float the largest steamer. The great dome is four hundred feet high. In 1813, two Indian mummies were found here, wrapped in highly-ornamented deerskins; so that it is evident, though the white men have only of late years discovered this gigantic cavern, the red warriors knew of it in days of yore. There was a great deal of saltpetre found in this cave, and the remains of the furnaces, and large mounds of ashes, are still to be seen near the entrance.

In one of the most beautiful chambers we saw in the interior of this vast underground Palace of Nature, the roof appeared to represent a firmament of stars! A comet, with its train of light, seemed sparkling in the distance. And in another place, the appearance of the roof was that of an "inverted flower-garden" (as Professor ——, at Washington, happily called it, in describing the wonders of this under-world to me). The bats, which are "located" near the mouth of the cave (where, spacious an area as it

is, there are excellent lodgings for man and bat —if any of the former are tired of this very superficial earth), are the noisiest little rascals I ever met with. Jabbering like monkeys, chattering like magpies, they appear to repudiate all connexion with their humble, quiet little cousins, the mice. They made such a din when we entered their chosen precincts, that it seemed as if they were hissing us off the subterranean stage on which we were making our *début*, rather agitated at our novel position; or perhaps they were intending those suspicious sounds for cheers—nine times nine, and one cheer more — and the Kentish (or, rather, the Kentuckyish) fire, at our entry.

Without caring to silence this bat-tery, we proceeded, and soon invaded the haunts of old Silence herself. Ours being almost entirely a female party, it will readily be imagined, we did little to disturb the stillness of the place! One English and one American gentleman, however, were also there; and I cannot answer equally for them, especially the latter, who, however, did the honours of the cave most admirably. He knew every nook of it, brought out the echoes splendidly, with "The Arkansas Hunters," "Uncle Ned," "O! Susianna," and other far-famed works of the great masters,

finishing with "Yankeedoodle," and repeated some really very fine and striking lines, author unknown. There is a magnificent natural church in the cave; and here divine service has been performed, we were assured. Of course, we had a great number of torches, or rather lamps with us. Bengal lights are sometimes used here, but we had not given due warning, and none were to be procured.

Some of the sadder things to be seen in this gloomy stronghold of Nature, are the remains of a number of small ruined houses, erected within the cave for consumptive patients, the constantly equable temperature of this solemn place being considered as of great efficacy in restoring them to health. This idea is, however, I should imagine, almost abandoned, if we may judge by the dilapidated structures before alluded to; indeed, we understand that the depressing effect on the spirits of the sufferers tended greatly to counteract the beneficial influence of the unvarying and mild temperature. They were obliged to remove these melancholy habitations to some distance from each other, as they found the constant sound of the hollow cough reverberating through the vaulted galleries irritated the nerves, and affected the spirits of the

invalids grievously. I cannot imagine it doing any good in a single instance; yet it is said some apparent cures were performed; but on returning to the upper earth and the cheerfulness of day, the symptoms of the disorder immediately returned, and, therefore, the only hope of continued existence was in renouncing all its delights and charms; in perpetuating this most dreary exile, in living as much like the dead as possible, and in anticipating and rehearsing, as it were, the loneliness, the gloom, the silence of the grave. These ruined tenements made me shudder; sepulchres of the living as they must have been.

Even for the short time I was in the cave I felt a strange oppression, and a longing for the sun and the free fresh air again, that was almost painful. Notwithstanding this, you can undergo much greater fatigue in the cave than outside—owing, I was told, to the remarkable elasticity of the air there; but walking so long and over such frightfully-rugged ground made me very thirsty. Some of the springs were of delicious water, but one that we drank of was like sulphur: we should have thought it horrible under other circumstances, but were so suffering from drought, that we found it then and there exquisite.

One of the most singular curiosities of this stupendous cave are the eyeless fish that are found in one of the rivers : they are not only destitute of eyes, but have not the faintest, slightest rudiments of the organ, or place for it : the skull is perfectly smooth. I had heard these fish much talked of by Professors A—— and G—— at Cambridge, and was anxious to see one: there were some swimming about in the river, but I could not thus examine their peculiarities satisfactorily; subsequently, I got a preserved one in spirits. They are to be purchased of the guides.

There is in the cave an extraordinarily narrow path, between immense rocks, through which a human being can with difficulty force his way. The American gentleman I have alluded to before gave an amusing account of a fat Englishman accomplishing this feat, and emerging on the other side, all sorts of shapes — a kind of Proteus, exhibiting at one and the same time, a pleasing variety of appearances. One arm jammed into his side, one cheek alarmingly flattened, and the other, by the contrast, apparently puffed out preposterously, as if the material of the one had been squeezed into the other. By all accounts he must have looked something like a huge pillow, of which the

feathers had been displaced in one part, and huddled up in another, which, in short, had shifted its cargo of down! and that required shaking and putting to rights. By degrees the metamorphosis ceased, and he shortly regained his natural shape, but then the poor wretch had to endure a second martyrdom! I know not the end of his history, perhaps he staid on the other side for a while, practised abstemiousness, and went into training, and so came out of the cave a "lean and slippered pantaloon," having gone in like a *Falstaff*. This "Winding Way" is popularly known as "The Fat Man's Misery."

It is the tall man's also, for even women have here and there to bend almost double. One longed to walk with one's head under one's arm, in imitation of some of the gentry who figure in ghost stories. I suffered several times from a severe concussion of my bonnet, and only narrowly escaped a compound fracture of the comb.

As to the cave altogether, it is magnificent—that is, what we saw of it; for many parts of it we did not see at all, which are already explored, and it is said people may go on exploring for three hundred miles or more; I should be sorry to try the experiment. After this under-ground jaunt,—after this sort of tem-

porary burial, I think one almost requires a dozen or so of balloon-ascensions to restore the equilibrium of one's feelings, and take away the subterraneousness of one's sensations, and ungrovellize oneself;—in short, to carry off a little of the superabundant earthliness that one feels has been acquired by walking below ground, where should be nothing but graves and gas-pipes, and cellars and worms, and Guy Fawkeses, and sorcerers, and mummies, and trains of gunpowder, and fossil Ichthiosauruses.

Stalactites and stalagmites are beautiful and interesting, but they seem to me to have a sort of magnetism of petrifaction about them, and to inoculate one with ossification. Glad was I when we wended our way from these mighty vaults, with their imitation stars and hob-goblin roses: we had to pass again by the same great Hall by which we entered, under the living leathern canopy of the imminent bats, which almost grazed or stuck to our much-enduring bonnets as we passed—so low was the roof in some places.

THE MAMMOTH CAVES IN KENTUCKY.

And have a thousand burning worlds on high,
And tens of thousands marshalled in the sky,
Scattering their splendour o'er Heaven's boundless plain
Besieged thy gates for ages,—and in vain?

Never the gentle Pleiad here hath gazed ;
Not here hath ever flashing comet blazed ;
Nor keenest lightning sent one arrowy ray,
'Midst these dread strongholds of the night to play,
Nor here the artillery of the thunder even
E'er woke one echo of the Voice of Heaven.
Stars from their spheres have shot—but here unmissed,
Of them this frowning under-world ne'er wist.
Still of the sun unseen, there lives a sign,
His warmth comes even to this sepulchral shrine.
Yet by no change seems the awful gloom beguiled,
Here rain nor rainbow ever wept nor smiled.
Yet oh ! the hanging gardens glittering there
Where sunshine laughs not, and no dews appear ;
And not a butterfly pursues its flight,
Giving and gaining hues more freshly bright.
Behold the inverted beds of sumptuous flowers,—
That wealth of stony blooms, and frozen bowers,
Those spectral buds, those sparry branches drear,
That pomp of floral petrifactions there,
Those ghostly wreaths—those braids of shadowy leaves,
Which Nature, as in stern self-mockery, weaves,
Roses and sunflowers ; tulips rich, and bells
Of sumptuous lilies, where no sweetness dwells ;
And sculptured irises, and dahlias pale,
Unknown to spring's bright ray, or autumn's gale,
All in a deadly beauty coldly clad,
A funeral pomp, bewilderingly sad.
How sweet,—how exquisite compared with these,
The lowliest hedge-flower, touched by dew and breeze !
How dear, compared with such stark frigid shows,
The wan and withered ruins of a rose,
That once has looked on day's bright star, and grown
Something that seemed a stray smile of his own.
True, 'tis most beautiful, most wondrous too,
This tranced—this spell-bound nature, calm and new ;

But yet this mockery of earth's heaven-born things.
Though fair, though glorious, but despondence brings.
'Tis like Death's palace with his cold white show,
Of all that most should smile with life's fresh glow.
For me, I long to leave these precincts drear,
Shun this cold ghost of Nature reigning here,
(So fixed, so fate-like, life and motion seem
Near this, the fleeting fictions of a dream),
And once again the glad Creation hail,
That tells with thousand tongues the eternal tale.
Give back the world ! the changeful hues and forms,
The hurrying shadows of its very storms.
Oh ! for a mountain-scene to lift me now
On high ; as 'twere to climb near Heaven's sweet brow ;
Give me those scenes, fresh, moving, breathing, free,
Where even midst gloom, a thousand glories be.
And sound, ye clarion-tones of winds, which make
The stately forests to their centres shake !
Give even the quivering darkness of that Night,
Which heaves and hovers as 'twere taking flight !
And give the change of seasons and of hours,
The strife of elements, the shock of powers !
And life-like shiftings, and awakening signs,
True, quickening tones from Nature's thousand shrines.
Give me, for these cold vaults, and these bare halls,
The glistening smile of streams,—the roar of falls ;
The startling wonders of the restless deep,
The towering headland, and the cloud-capped steep ;
Glaciers for stalactites, keen moons for spars,
For these dull gauds Heaven's galaxies of stars ;
Nay, humbler be the yearning, less the prayer,
Give any scene of outward Nature fair,
For th' awful mysteries of this solemn cave,—
Give but a breath, a cloud, a flower, a wave ;
For all the dreadful splendours that it boasts,
One mirrored ray from yonder starry hosts !

CHAPTER XVIII.

A CONVERSATION IN A COACH. — A LOQUACIOUS GENTLEMAN.— THE OTHER PASSENGER.—HIS APPEARANCE. — AN AMERICAN ARGUMENT TOUCHING THE POTENCY OF MONEY TO MAKE A GENTLEMAN. — AN EXHIBITION OF GENUINE FEELING. — A KENTUCKIAN'S NOTION OF ENGLAND.—THE SLIGHT VALUE SET ON HUMAN LIFE IN AMERICA.—THE DUEL.—PIGS PARAMOUNT IN LOUISVILLE. — HERDS OF SWINE ON THE ALLEGHANIES.—THE HOTEL KEEPER AND THE KENTUCKY CAVE.— DANGER ATTENDING A VISIT TO THE CAVES.

I CANNOT refrain from giving a conversation which I heard as we came by the coach to Louisville. One of the speakers was a very agreeable and apparently well-informed gentleman, who seemed to have seen a great deal of the world. When he first entered the "stage," it would seem it was with the benignant intention of giving a sort of *conversazione* in the coach, in which, after a few preliminary interrogatories to the various passengers (as if to take the size and measure of their capacities), he sustained all the active part, not calling upon them for the slightest exercise of their conversational powers. He varied the entertainment occasionally, by

soliloquizing and monopolyloguizing; and ever and anon it appeared as if he addressed the human race generally, or was speaking for posterity in a very elevated tone indeed, and seemingly oblivious of that fraction of the contemporaneous generation who were then largely benefiting by his really most animated and amusing discourse—for he was thoroughly original and very shrewd and entertaining.

Where had he not been? What had he not seen? what not met, tried, suffered, sought, found, dared, done, won, lost, said? The last we could give the most implicit credence to, no matter how large the demand. Now he told us, or the ceiling of the coach, how he had been eighteen months in the Prairies (which keep very open house for all visitors), shooting herds of buffaloes, and with his cloak for his only castle, and all his household furniture, and how he had been all this time without bed or bread: and he described the longing for the last, much in the way Mr. Ruxton does in his account of Prairie excursions; and now —but I will not attempt to follow him in all his wondrous adventures.

Suffice it to say, Robinson Crusoe, placed in juxtaposition with him, was a mere fire-side stay-at-home sort of personage, one who had

never left his own comfortable arm-chair, in comparison. In short, the adventures were marvellous and manifold, and all told in the same agreeable, lively, Scheherezade-like sort of a manner—so agreeable, indeed, that I am sure had Judge Lynch himself had any little account to settle with him, he would have postponed, — *à la* Sultan of the Indies, — any trifling beheading or strangling, or unpleasant little operation of the sort, to hear the end of the tale.

After these narratives and amusing lectures had been poured forth continuously for a length of time, it chanced that a quiet countryman-like person got into the coach, bundle and stick in hand. After a few questions to this rustic wayfarer, our eloquent orator left off his historic and other tales, and devoted himself to drawing out, and "squeezing the orange of the brains" of this apparently simple-minded and unlettered man. The discourse that ensued was a singular one—to take place, too, in the United States between Americans.

The new-comer was a Kentuckian by birth, who had not very long ago gone to settle in Indiana. He called himself a mechanic, — these facts came out in answer to the queries put to him by our unwearied talker, — but he

had, as I have said, much more the appearance of a respectable country, farming man—and indeed, I believe, mechanic means here, in a general sense, a labourer. He seemed a fine, honest-hearted, straight-forward, noble-spirited son of the plough ; and his lofty, earnest, generous sentiments were spoken in somewhat unpolished but energetic and good language ; and what particularly struck me was a really beautiful and almost child-like simplicity of mind and manner, that was combined with the most uncompromising firmness and unflinching adherence in argument, to what he conceived to be right.

His features were decidedly plain, but the countenance was very fine, chiefly characterized by great ingenuousness, commingled with gentleness and benevolence ; and yet bearing evident traces of strength, determination, and energetic resolution. It was rather a complicated countenance, so to say, notwithstanding its great openness and expression of downright truth and goodness.

After opening the conversation with him, as you would an oyster, by the introduction of a pretty keen knife of inquisitorial questions, the chief speaker began to hold forth, capriciously enough, on the essentials and distinguish-

ing attributes of a gentleman. He declared, emphatically, that one qualification alone was necessary, and that money only made a gentleman, according to the world, and, above all, in the United States (quite a mistake is this, I fully believe). "Let a man," said he, "be dressed here in everything of the best, with splendid rings on his fingers, and plenty of money to spend at the ends of them, and he may go where he will, and be received as a gentleman; aye, though he may be a gambler, a rogue, or a swindler, and you, now, *you* may be a good honest mechanic; but *he* will at once get into the best society in these parts, which you would never dream even of attempting to accomplish,—"

"But he would not be a gentleman," broke in the Kentuckian, indignantly. "Na, sir; nor will I ever allow that money only makes the gentleman: it is the principle, sir, and the inner feeling, and the mind,—and no fine clothes can ever make it; and no rough ones unmake it, that 's a fact. And, sir, there 's many a better gentleman following the plough in these parts than there is among the richer classes: I mean those poor men who 're contented with their lot, and work hard and try no mean shifts and methods to get on and up

in the world; for there 's little some 'ill stick at to get at money; and such means a true gentleman (what *I* call a gentleman) will avoid like pison, and scorn utterly."

"Now that 's all very well for you to talk so here just now; but you know yourself, I don't doubt, that *your own* object, as well as all the world's around you, is to make money. It is with that object that you work hard and save up: you do not work only to live, or make yourself more comfortable, but to get money: and money is the be-all and end-all of all and everybody; and that only commands consideration and respect."

"That *only*, sir, would never command *mine*, and—"

"Why, how you talk now! if you meet a fine dressed-out gentleman in one of these stages, you look on him as one directly—you don't ask him did he *make* or *take* his money, —what 's that to you?—there he is, and it is not for you to busy or bother yourself to find out all the private particulars of his history; and if you find him, as I say, well dressed in superfine, and he acts the gentleman to you, he may be the greatest rogue in existence, but he will be treated by you like a gentleman,—yes, even by you."

"Yes, sir, that may be while I know nothing of him—while, as you say, he acts the gentleman to me; but let me *once find out* what he is, and I would never show him respect more,—no! though he had all the gold of California."

"Ah, California! just look at *that* now,—look at people by scores and thousands, leaving their families, and friends, and homes,—and what for but for gold? people with a comfortable competence already; but it's fine talking. Why, what are *you* taking this very journey for?—why, I can answer for you,—for gold, I doubt not; and every other action of your life is for that object: confess the real truth now."

"I will, sir,—I am come here from Indiana; for though I'm a Kentucky man, I live in the Hoosier State. I'm come here to see a dear brother; and instead of *gaining* money I'm *spending* it in these stages to get to see him and 'old Kentuck' agin. So you see, sir, I love my brother,—I do, more than money, poor man as I am;—aye, and that I do too."

"Well, I dare say you do; but come now, just tell me—haven't you a little bit of a *speculation*, now, here, that you're come after, as well as your brother—some trifle of a speculation

afoot? You know you have now. You *must* have. Some horse, perhaps——"

It was quite delightful to see and hear the indignant burst of eager denial which this elicited from the ingenuous Kentuckian.

"No, sir! *no*, I have *not*—none whatever, indeed I have not:" his voice quivered with emotion; the earnest expression of his countenance was more than eloquent. If his interrogator had accused him of a serious crime he could hardly more anxiously and more earnestly have disclaimed it. To him, I thought the bare suspicion seemed like a coarse desecration of his real motives, a kind of undervaluing even of his "dear brother," to suppose he must have had a "little speculation on hand" to make it worth his while to go to see *him*.

He went on in an agitated, eager tone:—

"And look ye here; I am *leaving off* my work and money-making for some days on purpose—only for that, and spending money at it too!"

His somewhat case-hardened antagonist looked the least in the world discomfited, for that angry denial was a magnificent burst, and uttered in a tone that actually seemed to give an additional jolt to the rough coach; and I might say it had really a splendid theatrical effect, but that I should hesitate to use that

expression with reference to one of the most beautiful natural exhibitions of deep feeling and generous sentiment I ever witnessed.

"Where are you going to?" at last inquired the other, apparently about to commence a little cross-examination.

"About twenty miles beyond Munsfordville," replied Kentucky, in his simple direct manner, "to"—I forget the name.

"Why, you're come by the wrong stage then," exclaimed the other, "you should have waited till to-morrow, and then taken the stage to ——, and then you would have gone direct."

"Well, yes, sir; it's true enough, sir; but you see—in short, I couldn't *wait*,—no, that I couldn't. I was so anxious, and I felt so like seeing my brother; and I was in such a mortal hurry to get to him."

"Hurry, man! why how will you see him any sooner by this? Why you might as well have walked up and down Maine-street till to-morrow; it would have advanced you just as much on your journey."

"You're right, sir, I know that; but I really *couldn't* wait: I wanted to feel I was going a-head, and getting *nearer* my brother at any rate; I got so impatient-like. No, sir; I

couldn't have staid till the morning any how you could fix it."

"You'll have to walk for your folly, for you ll get no conveyance this way, I tell you."

"I 'll have to walk the twenty miles to-night, I suppose," said Kentucky, with the most imperturbable smiling composure; "but never mind that! I shall be getting near my brother, then." "Ha," he said, after a pause, "You see I *do* love my brother, sir, and I don't regard trouble for him. I 'll have to walk the twenty miles to-night with my bundle, I dare say, and spending money at that too, perhaps, for a bit of food; but I couldn't have *waited*—no! not another hour at Louisville—I felt so like getting *nearer* to my brother."

At the end of the argument about money-making being the all in all, one or two of us signified briefly that we thought Kentucky was right. You never saw anybody so surprised. He had evidently entertained a deep conviction that all in the stage-coach were opposed to his opinions, and that he stood alone in his view on the matter. He replied he was glad anybody thought as he did, and reiterated with strong emphasis to his opponent :—

"I 'm sure, sir, I 'm right : it is the principle, and the manners, and the mind, and *not* money

that makes a gentleman. No, no; money can never make half a one."

I shall feel a respect for "old Kentucky" for ever after for his sake.

This high-hearted fellow passenger of ours seemed to know very little of any country but his own. He discovered we were English, and exclaimed,—"That England may be a good country, but I could never bear to live under a king: a man's life must be miserable there! I couldn't bear their laws neither."

"Why they 're pretty nearly the same as here."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the other, much astonished; for he seemed, like many others, to have an idea that we could not do any thing, or move from any place to another without the sovereign or the army giving leave, or, *vice versâ*, and condescending to regulate all our domestic affairs.

After that true "Nature's nobleman," the Kentucky "mechanic," had vanished from the scene, the same gentleman began talking to a neighbour in his loud, clear voice, on another subject,—the little value set on human life in the United States. He said:

"The other day, while I was at ———, two men had a quarrel," and he mentioned their

names, which I do not accurately remember,—"the one told the other to meet him in the market-place, and to prepare his mind; he did so, and a pistol also: the other had a six-shooter;—they fired, and neither fell. Then the one who had the revolver coolly put six bullets into his antagonist, and left him stone dead; and this was in the market-place with numbers assembled, who formed round in a ring," said this gentleman, "to see the horrible spectacle, without one interfering to prevent it. One cannot begin to imagine how indifferent the people here are to life in general."

The talkative gentleman told other anecdotes of the same nature, but one will be thought enough, I have no doubt, though it was interesting to hear them related, for he was a capital narrator, all life and spirit; and one could not help paying amused attention, though, it must be confessed, his small talk was chiefly of murders, duels, executions, terrific fights with Indians, encounters with grizzly bears and such small deer,—in fact conducted on the principle of Madame Tussaud's "Chamber of Horrors;" a kind of verbal conversational Reign of Terror.

I have already said what a very nice town

Louisville is,—city, I ought to say, for all large towns have that rank here: yet one thing a little detracts from its general appearance, and that is the preponderating population of pigs that in all directions perambulate its handsome streets. I had observed this with surprise, and was amused at a corroborative paragraph in one of their papers here lately, saying that really the pigs are becoming masters of the place: they push the two-legged citizens into the streets, occupying the side-walks, and taking the wall of them. So things begin to look serious here, and we are prepared any day for a *pronunciamiento* of the pigs, they carry their snouts so high already, and seem so bristling with importance.

In crossing the Alleghanies it was quite a curious sight to see armies of these animals driven along—a perfect stream of swine, rejoicing in all the fat of the land, certainly. It is said to be a wonderful spectacle to see them slaughtered, and almost as magically turned into lard and lard-oil, as if the latter article had been ordered for Aladdin's lamp by his first genie gentleman-in-waiting and equerry.

I must not forget to speak of a rather whimsical but thoroughly obliging, hospitable, and I believe, excellent old gentleman, at whose hotel

we were staying on our way to and from the Mammoth cave. Singularly enough, he has lived for nearly half a century within a few miles of the cavern, but never has visited it. "Time enough," he growled, in a voice that might have sounded from the subterranean depths of the cave itself, and would have rumbled at Echo River, like a discharge of Satanic artillery, "Time enough to go under ground when I'm dead;" and we almost agreed with him, after we had all gone a-caving, and come back feeling so subterraneanically sepulchral, and with such a dreary antediluvian fossil-like sensation, perfectly convinced of the hollowness of the world in general, and of Kentucky in particular. Indeed, we rather envied Mr. Bell his superficial views and his never having been buried alive, or trodden underfoot by half a quarter of the inhabitants of the State.

One of his female slaves told me, ladies return sometimes from their cave expedition half dead, and keep their beds for "a many days," and occasionally have received severe injuries from stumbling on the rugged sharp-pointed rocks. This negress was one of the most good-natured beings I ever met with: she voluntarily undertook the task of rubbing off from some of our clothes the dust of the cave: she

scrubbed away with such zeal that soon her arms became a sort of faint cream colour, and her thick crop of wool was so densely powdered as to assume the same tint, together with her smiling gentle face. She appeared to compassionate us profoundly; and, perhaps, imagining, in consequence of her Master's prejudices against that mighty cave, that no one of their own free will would visit such a dreadful place (to come back in such a fearful plight), she appeared to entertain an opinion that travellers in general had to go through this ordeal; and, peradventure, were thus naturalized and made real children of the soil, after carrying so much of it away about their persons and habiliments. The claim would be well *grounded* at any rate.

Mr. B——, the English gentleman who visited the cave at the same time we did, has just arrived here: he called a little while ago and told me that a poor young lady, who was very ill at the Cave hotel, while we were there, died the day before he came away. She had caught cold in coming out of the cave only a few days before, after being much overheated by walking there, and neglecting to put on a shawl: inflammation came on, and she had thus fallen a victim to this slight imprudence.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE STEAMER FROM LOUISVILLE.—THE PASSENGERS.—THE LADY IN THE TURBAN, AND HER REFRACTORY CHARGES.—A FAMILY OF ANOTHER DESCRIPTION.—THE LILLIPUTIAN LISTON AND HIS MODEL GRANDMAMMA.—THE SONNAMBULA OF A STEWARDESS.—ST. LOUIS.—RAVAGES OF THE CHOLERA IN THAT CITY.—RAPID GROWTH OF ST. LOUIS.—VAST NUMBER OF GERMAN IMMIGRANTS.—PROGRESS OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.—PRAIRIE HUNTING.—FREQUENCY OF STEAMBOAT ACCIDENTS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

We left Louisville in a steamer with rather indifferent accommodations, but commanded by a most obliging and courteous captain. There were several families on board, who were removing to remote parts of the Union ; slaves, children, chattels, cattle, accompanied them ; they were, in short, domestic Atlasses carrying their own little world on their shoulders—farther *west* of course—which is quite the way of the world hereabouts.

This was one of the very roughest sets I had ever been among. They lived entirely with the first-class passengers, so no doubt they had paid first-class price. Some were from the

heart of old Kentucky, and none of them were emigrants; they all comported themselves very quietly and well, except one family of children, belonging to some hard-working backwoodsman, to judge from appearances. They were awfully spoilt, and led their parents miserable lives; scratching and beating their mother, and boxing the ears and kicking the shins of their (little) respected papa, and knocking cruelly about the only person in the family who had the sense to control the imps a little, in the shape of a gaunt tall grandmamma, resembling a retired grenadier, "in" a turban, with a short pipe—the last evidently the consolation of her soul, and the former ingeniously constructed of some light-coloured handkerchief, or handkerchiefs, and apparently built upon her head by her own hands, in a fantastic fashion, having a little appearance of a fortification for defensive purposes, which was rendered necessary by the violent attacks of the undutiful brats before alluded to. Had it not been erected with considerable engineering skill, this poor rustic Cybele with her tower-like turban would have been left defenceless and bareheaded by these little furies.

She was wont to confide to me her troubles on this head—enough to have turned *her*

head and turban too, besides other subjects that "worrited" her "pretty considerable." We were great "friends together," and she was quite benignant and patronizing in her manner towards me. Sometimes (smoking her short pipe the while) marching up to me and laying her huge heavy hand on my shoulder, she would exclaim, "Wal, them children of ourn *are* bad children—mighty bad, mighty bad; it wears and worrits a body, I guess, properly: and, my! I feel so skeary-like too, for I 've never been aboard one of these steaming boats, nor never *seen* one afore."

This surprised me "considerable," for I should have thought no one could live in the States without seeing them. This I expressed.

"No, I haint; where I live to home, these don't come, none on 'em; and they 're mighty queer boats, I guess, and I don't like them, and feel proper skeary, too, aboard on 'em."

Then she pensively puffed away at the short pipe, till the roaring of some of those young rebels demanded her presence as "head pacificator;" when, telling me (to console me for her temporary absence) she should soon be back, she, and pipe, and turban, would vanish for a while in the distance. For the benefit of those who like to study various fashions

of dress, I may as well remark that the attire of this worthy dame, altogether was a costume somewhat resembling the war-dress of Abd-el-Kader, engrafted on the pacific garments of a Dutch skipper's wife ; but no description can do it justice.

I took quite a liking to the worthy soul, and pitied her much for being, as she was alternately, a sufferer from "skearyness," and from the kicks and cuffs of those insubordinate grandchildren of hers. But occasionally she would make a dash at them, like a charge of Napoleon's Old Guard, and retire, crowned with victory, to smoke the short pipe of peace. On one particular day several pitched battles were obstinately fought, besides numerous slight skirmishes. The intrepidity of grand-mamma, the Invincible, and her desperate charges, ultimately won, however, the field, and decided the war in favour of the party of order ; but the squalling, kicking, biting, and scratching, were alarmingly vehement. The passengers in general preserved a sort of armed neutrality, prepared, however, if the disorderly little enemy attacked them, to drive them back ignominiously with umbrellas, parasols, canes, and other weapons of the kind.

There was another rather large family on

board, the very antipodes of these, utterly unlike them in class, manners, appearance, everything. The mother was a lovely Spanish-looking lady, with beautiful jet-black hair, and delicate regular features: she was exquisitely but simply dressed, and a Spanish mantilla of black lace depended, with exceeding grace, from her small statuesque head. Her voice was "sweet and low—an excellent thing in women," especially on board a crowded steamboat, where there is always a hurricane of noises. And what a refreshing contrast it was to that sheik-like dame's tones, which would have drowned the town crier's.

The eldest child of this family, a little girl, was one of the loveliest children I ever saw, and with very charming and pleasing manners, neither loud nor forward, nor too shy nor too bold—just what a child of her age should be, and like a child—which is not always the case here. The youngest child was one of the dearest little pets I ever saw: he was about three or four years old, and a perfect embodiment of fun, mischief, and merriment—the very soul of sauciness and drollery—an infantine Polichinello, a baby Flibbertigibert, with such endless quips and cranks and "mops and mows,"—methinks such a comi-

cal little darling Scaramouch was never beheld before! He seemed a duodecimo Grimaldi, a Lilliputian Liston. He was like a supply of laughing gas to the whole cabin, but he seldom laughed himself. There was a sort of quiet, profound intensity of fun diffused over his whole childish countenance and figure, that was irresistibly comic; his eye, cheek, nose, chin, seemed all twinkling and winking together, and he had a little way of putting on a despairing look of mock pathos, that was marvellously amusing.

His usual dress was a sort of tiny blouse; but, the morning of his departure he was attired in a kind of microscopic pea-jacket (he was a very small child), with a mighty knowing-looking hat, stuck jauntily on the side of his unspeakably comical little noddle; and, as he strutted up and down the cabin, with his infinitesimal little "pattes" stuck in the pockets, or the wee short arms a-kimbo, it was "*impayable*" indeed.

The grandmamma in *this* family was quite a model grandmamma. She must have been a person of the most wonderful force of character, and of remarkable greatness of mind; something (not in person) like the strong-minded Madame Mère. It will seem incredible, but

she actually did not spoil little George! I have even seen her look grave when thinking, perhaps, he was verging on the bounds of pertness, or exhibiting signs of incipient insubordination,—grave and remonstrant, when every one was convulsed with laughter round her.

But she was a model grandmamma in other ways too: such care of the children as she took; so nicely she made them behave; and on the morning of their disembarkation, at a place whose name has slipped my memory, she shone forth in full glory. It appeared they had expected to arrive very early indeed at this place, but, owing to a fog coming on, they did not. Well, up she got in the dark, and dressed herself as neatly as ever, and then she lighted the fire—for the coloured stewardess in this steamer happened to be particularly lazy, and, I believe, also, poor woman, she had a great deal to do. Then the active old lady called all the children, and dressed that darling little monkey, George, and helped the other children to dress—poor little things! all half-asleep; and called her daughter (in vain, and no wonder at that hour of the morning). She then gave the youthful travellers some biscuits for their breakfast, and next began, most sedulously, to pack about two dozen carpet-

bags and a score of boxes, while the stewardess went slowly somnambulizing about, laboriously yawning, stretching herself industriously, and diligently doing nothing.

How so evidently superior a family came to be without servants, I know not; probably they preferred travelling independently without them. So it seemed, at all events. Little George's departure was universally regretted; he left quite a broken-hearted boat behind him.

This same sonnambula of a stewardess was a very handsome person. Her mouth was too wide, but, excepting this defect, her features were very fine; her eyes magnificently large, reminding me a little, both by their size and lustre, and their languid expression, of the great dark orbs of the women at Constantinople. She had a straight classical line of nose. I think she must have been a Quadroon, from descriptions I have read of their personal appearance. Her hair had not the slightest wooliness or even curl about it: it was very black, and parted in the straightest possible bands on her forehead. But there was a whisper in the boat, that these Madonna-wreathed bands on the fine forehead of the Sultana-like stewardess were not of native growth; that, in short, her own hair being

afflicted with a ripple, or a frizzly infirmity, she wore a wig. If I was required to make affidavit of the fact, I really could not, and am rather disposed to doubt its being a fact at all. This languid and somewhat indolent stewardess was an exception to the general rule. They are usually a most active, obliging, quick, and attentive set of people, and perform their duties admirably.

We find it very cold at St. Louis, but we are in a very comfortable hotel (Monroe House), the rooms of which are kept delightfully warm. It will doubtless be known in England how dreadfully this large, busy, noble city suffered lately from fire and cholera; the last almost depopulated the city for a time. A third of the inhabitants were carried off by the pestilence; and great numbers fled in dismay, panic-stricken, with their families, to settle in other and, as they thought, less dangerous localities. I was told here, the other day, that though it is only a short time since this appalling affliction had befallen the city, yet so great had been the influx of emigrants, that the gap which had been made by cholera was quite filled up. "So," added my informant, with not uncharacteristic indifference, "the dead are not at all missed; not in the least, you see."

Merrily were huge houses going up in all directions. From our hotel windows we had a long view of gigantic, and gigantically-growing-up dwellings, that seemed every morning to be about a story higher than we left them on the preceding night: as if they slept during the night on guano, like the small boy in the American tale, who reposed on a field covered by it, and whose father, on seeking him the following day, found a gawky gentleman of eight feet high, bearing a strong resemblance to a Patagonian walking-stick.

This city is considered the commercial emporium of the West: it is not the capital of Missouri (Jefferson City claims that honour), but is the largest city in the State. It was founded by the French in 1764; for a long time it was little more than a village; it is now an immense and fast-spreading city. There are a good many (American) French still resident here, and a great number of Germans. They tell me the German immigration this last year has been truly enormous. A gentleman observed the other day, the Germans, or the "Dutch," as he called them, are "eating up the West," and sometimes driving the Americans out of their own towns. "The greater part of the West," he said, "will actually be in their hands soon."

This is the chief depôt of the Great American Fur Company.

We are going to try and see a prairie. The Looking-glass Prairie, I fear, is too far off to attempt to go to in this cold, bleak, unpropitious weather; and I am much afraid there is none near enough; for Civilization hereabouts walks with no mincing, graceful, dancing-master-like steps, but great, seven-league boots, and sprawling, earth-shaking strides, and goes swinging along at such a pace that it is all the horizon can do to get out of her way in time, and if once she caught it napping, it might go very hard with it.

I shall not try to embark on the great Grass Sea to-day; besides, from what I hear of the extent to which enclosing has been carried on this year, I doubt much if even the Looking-Glass Prairie has escaped being framed in, and broken up into small pieces.

We were a long while getting here from Louisville, in the steamer, very nearly as long as we were crossing the Atlantic to New York. The nights and mornings were generally very foggy, and the captain appeared to have an amiable, unusual weakness in favour of that trifle, called human life: a pleasant trifle enough sometimes. Ah, if some of the poor

victims of fast boats and reckless competition could make their voices heard, would they not seem to parody that well known *refrain,* that brief speech, "I'll thank you for that trifle, Uncle Sam!" Particularly careful was the good captain of the good steamboat Hindoo, and we had not a single accident of any sort or kind all the way to St. Louis; and it is a very difficult navigation; for the Mississippi, sullen and sober as it looks, is one of the most variable of rivers. Its sandbanks are perpetually shifting, and then there are the "snags and sawyers." In the papers you will often see whole columns, headed "Snagged," containing a melancholy list of boats that have had that unpleasant and unnecessary operation gratuitously performed upon them: frequently they are materially damaged. Then follows, sometimes, a list of "boilers burst." There has just arrived news of a tremendous explosion on board a new and magnificent steamer, "The Louisiana." Hundreds of lives are said to be lost. But this does not alarm me in connection with my projected voyage to New Orleans. I think the safest time is always directly after a great accident, for people are naturally just then more careful.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MISSISSIPPI.— ITS IMPRESSION UPON THE AUTHOR.— ITS BANKS.—THE IMMENSE FORESTS SEEN FROM IT.—ITS VARIED SCENERY.—THE MISSISSIPPI BY NIGHT.—HOSTS OF FLOATING TREES.—STEAMER "SNAGGED."—VISIT TO THE LATE PRESIDENT'S COTTON PLANTATION.— HIS SLAVES. — INTERESTING NEGRO CHILDREN. — SHANTY OF MR. TAYLOR, THE PRESIDENT'S SON.—AN AGED SLAVE.—HIS EXTREME POLITENESS. — THE BLACK VALET OF MR. TAYLOR. — THE IMMEDIATE SLAVE ABOLITION QUESTION.—INSTANCES OF ILL-TREATMENT OF SLAVES.—PERSECUTION OF MUSQUITOES.

I AM now at New Orleans. We have had a most successful and enchanting tour, and our late voyage I found extremely interesting.

I have been most agreeably disappointed with the Mississippi, which has, in general, the reputation of being monotonous and wearisome from its usually flat banks, and long lines of almost interminable, dense, unvarying forests. I am, on the contrary, quite delighted with it, and watched and gazed on it, day after day, and hour after hour, with ever-newly kindling interest and admiration. These very forests themselves were to me sources of ever-fresh

wonder, and the mighty current of that marvellous river, sweeping on like the flow of unpausing Time, carrying all before it, I thought sublimity itself!

That the banks are flat for hundreds and hundreds of miles, I own; but those forests are so grand, so boundless — the breadth of that astounding river is so imposing—its bends and curves so glorious and beautiful — that I could not find it at all monotonous. And then its islands, creeks, bays, branches, and reaches, are so numerous and interesting, and its many magnificent tributaries are so diversified and so splendid, that it did not seem to me in the least degree wearisome or dull.

Besides these, there is the busy hum of life at various places on the shores. The landing-places, wharves, the plantations (towards the south), the rising and risen villages and towns, the scattered huts of the wood-cutters, the long rows of slaves' habitations (called "quarters"), and all the openings—the clearings in the old mighty woods, where the settlers' cottages are cheerfully sending up their blue smoke to the sky, the germs, probably, of future mighty cities—and then those innumerable flat-boats and rafts with small hamlets of houses on them, some wearing the look of a little nautical

village; and all kinds of strange craft, from the roughest and rudest, that almost look as if the "snags" and "sawyers" had determined to join company, and had linked themselves by some natural process together,—to the magnificent steamer "Autocrat" — one of those "floating steam-palaces," which look really like some of the wondrous fleeting creations one sees every now and then in the clouds. This "Autocrat," they say, is the largest steamer on the Mississippi, and is about four hundred feet long, and gorgeous as an enchanted castle inside. The one we came in to this place was nearly that length, and decorated with costly magnificence. And then there are the poor trees, twisting and twirling, and tossing about in the rapid stream (sometimes roots uppermost), which form the dreaded "snags" and "sawyers" of Mississippi voyagers; and the countless flights of birds that frequently make the air alive with their myriads of hurrying wings, sometimes looking like the moving folds of gigantic serpents.

How, then, can these stirring and wondrous scenes be insipid? They are certainly not; and I think any one who can find it monotonous and tiresome (unless they had pictured to themselves a totally different scene, and expected a sort of exaggerated Rhine, or

magnified blue Guadalquiver), must be somewhat devoid of heart, mind, and imagination, and especially the first time that one steams down it. I can imagine it might become a little tedious, a little wearisome or so, the one-and-twentieth voyage or thereabouts; but the first time! I cannot comprehend it. No! the first time it is all change, wonder, novelty, matter for speculation and food for reflection, an object of ceaseless interest, and of ever-recurring astonishment and admiration. We saw it under a vast variety of aspects and change of climate, and even seasons; and often did its whole appearance seem altered. The captain of one of the steamboats observed to me, the other day, that after long years spent in navigating that wondrous river, he could truly say he "had never seen it in any two voyages alike." There are so many different "stages" of water—the banks are so perpetually changing, the sand bars are so incessantly shifting their position, besides other alterations, that I could indeed readily believe him.

I have seen it up in the north-west, amid snow, hail, ice, rain, and clouds, and storm, and in the burning sunshine of the south, and under its clear and unshadowed skies, by night and by day, in the gale and in the calm,

flowing through its almost interminable mighty wildernesses of forest in solitary grandeur, or watering a thousand teeming plantations with its turbid swelling waves, receiving its splendid tributaries (the Ohio, Arkansas river, &c.) as if they were so many dew-drops, and sweeping on as if with a magnificent unconcern and disdainful indifference, apparently wholly unaltered and unaffected by these immense and majestic accessories to its might and greatness.

The breadth of this ever-broad river is scarcely visibly changed, though the depth is of course very often greatly increased, as stream after stream rolls into its great waters. In the very absence of change here, is there not something sublime ? In every way it is unlike every other river I ever saw, and appears to be a sort of molten flowing world in itself.

By night the scene is one of startling interest and of magical splendour. Hundreds of lights are glancing in different directions, from the villages, towns, farms, and plantations on shore, and from the magnificent "floating palaces" of steamers, that frequently look like moving mountains of light and flame, so brilliantly are these enormous river-leviathans illuminated, outside and inside. Indeed, the spectacle presented is like a dream of enchant-

ment. Imagine steamer after steamer coming sweeping, sounding, thundering on, blazing with these thousands of lights, casting long brilliant reflections on the fast-rolling waters beneath;—(there is often a number of them, one after the other—like so many comets in Indian file)! Some of these are so marvellously and dazzlingly lighted, they really look like Aladdin's palace on fire (which it in all likelihood would be in America), sent skurrying and dashing down the stream, while, perhaps, just then all else is darkness around it.

I delighted, too, in seeing, as you very frequently do, the twinkling lights in the numerous cottages and homesteads, dotted here and there; and you may often observe large wood-fires lit on the banks, looking like merry-making bonfires. These, I believe, are usually signals for the different steamers to stop to take up passengers, goods, and animals. I recollect, on one occasion, our captain was hard-hearted: the steamer was overflowing with passengers already, and continued on her course, notwithstanding there was a perfect conflagration for a signal on shore, to induce him to pause. There must have been some person or persons extraordinarily anxious to be taken up, for the hubbub made on shore was surprising: there were

furious shouts, waving of hats, a hurricane of cries and gesticulations, and people running with great perseverance along the banks yelling and squalling like maniacs. In vain—on we went, and our imaginations might fill up this mysterious outline of circumstances as they pleased. For me, I felt sure cotton was at the bottom of it, somehow.

I heard, however, afterwards, that there had been lately bands of disorderly emigrants, who had got taken on board the steamers thereabouts, and who had made themselves very disagreeable company while on board, and yet who thought the benefit of their society was sufficient payment for their passage. Some of these gentry were probably the bawlers and bonfire-makers we had left behind us, stamping and handkerchief-hoisting.

It is quite curious to see the hosts of floating trees, agitated and restless, and ever-tossing about in the rapid current, and occasionally rolling and writhing in a little whirlpool. They look sometimes like a hundred sea-serpents at a blow! Who could believe that birds had ever built and sung in their branches? or that they ever were apparelled in the sweet livery of spring? — they have become such black, mummified monsters, and look so hideous and

forlorn, drifting helplessly along, in the giant stream.

We were badly "snagged" twice. Once was really a very severe snagging, though we survived it; but I assure you the shock might give one a faint idea of being blown up. The first time a large tree was stuck in such a manner through the left paddle-box that the wheel couldn't move, and a great deal of delay was occasioned by our having to stop for the hands to extricate the wheel from its disabling situation.

The most serious of all our snaggings (for we were favoured with a great variety of samples) was once in the night. We were asleep in our cabins, when we were suddenly woke up by an immense stunning shock, and the steamer stopped immediately, quivering, so to say, in every nerve of her huge body. There were a great number of horses and mules on board, and they became dreadfully frightened, and commenced rearing, kicking, plunging and snorting furiously, and the noise and uproar really, altogether, sounded most frightful for a time—for of course there was no lack of shouting, yelling, and rushing backward and forwards. After a little while, on went the powerful steamer again, plunging

through the thick darkness with the great blunt arrow that had struck her so sorely, fast in her poor wounded side; but, this time, it had just missed the wheel.

Another snag subsequently hit her in the opposite side; but the wheel fortunately escaped that also, so away she went, something like a savage *belle*, of whom I have lately read, with wooden skewers in her two ears. When morning came, eager was the rush of all to see the extent of the damage inflicted. There stuck the grim snag right through the paddle-box, as fixed as fate, and there we left it when we left the steamer. I believe, however, it was then in process of extraction.

Besides these very severe hurts, the unfortunate steamer suffered a long succession of bumps and thumps (as well as her passengers) from a whole series of snags, almost through the whole night. They would not let one repose for a quarter of an hour together in peace. The vessel went, jarring and jumping along in as disagreeable a manner as it is well possible to imagine; very much as if she was playing at leap-frog, or hopping on one paddle for a wager. The poor mules and horses uttered a most vigorous kicking protest against such rough treatment, and that additional

hubbub did not improve the quiet or comfort of the bipeds.

I was very glad when we arrived at Natchez (built, I suppose, on the scene of Chateaubriand's lovely work "Les Natchez"). From thence we availed ourselves of the President's kind invitation, to go and see his cotton plantation, and it was a truly interesting sight to us.

The late President's son was there, and received us with the kindest hospitality. The slaves were mustered and marshalled for us to see; cotton was picked from the few plants that had survived the late terrible overflowing of the Mississippi; and the interior of one of the slaves' houses was exhibited to us. As to the slaves themselves, they were as well fed, comfortably clothed, and kindly cared for in every way as possible, and seemed thoroughly happy and contented. The dwelling-house we went to look at was extremely nice: it was a most tastefully decorated and an excellently furnished one; the walls were covered with prints, and it was scrupulously clean and neat.

V—— expressed a great wish to see some of the small sable fry, and a whole regiment of little robust, rotund, black babies were forthwith paraded for her especial amusement: it

was a very orderly little assemblage, and it cannot be imagined how nice and clean they all looked. Such a congregation of little smiling, good-natured, raven roly-polies, I never saw collected together before. One perfect duck of a child was only about three weeks old, but it comported itself quite in as orderly a manner as the rest—as if it had been used to give parties and assemblies, and receive any quantity of company, from every nation on earth, all its days, or rather hours. It was as black as a little image carved in polished ebony, and as plump as a partridge (in mourning). These pitchy-coloured piccaninnies differed from white children in one essential particular, for they were all perfectly quiet and silent; all wide awake, but all still and smiling.

After the main body had departed a small straggler was brought in (whose mother, perhaps, had lavished additional cares upon its state toilette); and it alone, apparently alarmed at finding itself thus unsupported and insulated, testified its disapprobation at the presence of English visitors by a very mild squall. We saw an older child afterwards, who was very nearly white, with lovely features and fair hair; the mother was a Mulatto, and the father almost white.

V—— was highly delighted with the whole company of little inky imps from first to last, nursing and fondling them in high glee; and it may be readily conceived that the mothers stood by equally enchanted at having their little darkies so appreciated,—and not a little proud; showing their splendid glittering teeth almost from ear to ear.

All the slaves were evidently taken the kindest care of on General Taylor's plantation. Men, women, and children all appeared to adore Mr. Taylor, who seemed extremely kind to them, and affable with them. He informed us he sleeps always in his own rustic shanty, surrounded by the slaves' quarters, without bolt, bar, or lock of any description on his doors, and that the negroes were not fastened or shut up in any way. This shanty was a very nice wooden building, with a colonnaded promenade in front, looking on the river, and had a capital sitting room, very cool and pleasant. The overseer's house was at a little distance.

The principal mansion boasted, too, of a good and large collection of books, among which Mr. Taylor showed me an illustrated Mexican "Don Quixote." He had brought it with him from Mexico, and added, that it was said to be the first work ever illustrated in that

country. The engravings were well executed, and the designs were spirited and clever.

We saw an aged slave, a hundred years old, and apparently quite hale and hearty. He did not seem to be the least deaf or decrepit, or to have lost his faculties in any way : he had quite polished and graceful manners, something like an old French marquis of the *vieille cour*. He really reminded me a little in his courteous salutations of dear old Marquis de l'Aigle, who used to tell me at the Château d'O—— of his dancing minuets with poor Marie Antoinette. He came daintily forward and treated us to most Chesterfieldian bows and reverences, with multitudinous respectful inquiries after our health and well-being.

" What do I owe you for those chickens you sold to me a little while ago ?" asked the President's son of the old slave. " One dollar and five bits," replied the centenarian with the most unhesitating accuracy and promptitude. The money was immediately paid to him. Mr. Taylor had told me before that he always bought his poultry of this old man, who was allowed *to rear them on his own account*, " and who, I assure you, invariably charges the very highest prices for them," added he, laughing.

I took an opportunity of offering this sable Sir Charles Grandison a trifling back-sheesh, to reward him a little for his walk to the lodge to see us (though, by the way, we were told it was no unusual exertion for him, as he very frequently came there); the bowing increased to almost ko-tooing, and he went on his way rejoicing and bowing still, like a self-acting porcelain Chinese Mandarin, "nid-nid-nodding."

We brought away a *tiny* bale of the President's beautiful white cotton, just as it came off the tree.

When the slaves were collected together in front of the house for our inspection, they had each, as a treat, some tobacco given them, which is what they dearly love. This they afterwards proceeded to smoke to our healths, to which I had no sort of objection, provided they did not wish me to hob and nob with them. They were generally fine stout-looking people, and had not at all a stupid air. One very remarkably intelligent-looking youth was Mr. Taylor's valet; and the latter informed me that this young negro had *taught himself* to read and to write. For some time Mr. Taylor had remarked that he sat up very late, and after observing this repeatedly, he resolved on

watching him, to see what object he had in maintaining these lengthened vigils. He thus discovered the fact. The poor aspiring darkie had saved every candle-end he could find, and deprived himself of sleep night after night to accomplish his design. Might not such a one become a Toussaint l'Ouverture in time?

Alas! there are too many interests involved—even those of the slaves themselves—to permit the immediate extinction of slavery. I am quite aware that on plantations such as the one I have been writing about, one sees entirely the *couleur de rose* of the business; but I believe it is very rarely the negroes are ill-treated, except, as I was told by an American, occasionally by small farmers, emigrants, who have never had such power before, and who are often led into abusing it. The French are said to be very severe masters, but I was constantly assured the worst of all are the *coloured* people themselves. This will appear less astonishing when it is recollected that these people are universally ignorant and uneducated, without any proper moral training to teach them to restrain and subdue their naturally violent and inflammable passions and tempers.

I cannot but think, too, that sometimes when the proprietor himself does not live much

on his estate, or personally superintend his coloured labourers, they are harshly used by the overseer. One must guard against believing all the exaggerations and prejudiced statements that one hears; but I have been told some painful things relating to this, that seemed certainly from unimpeachable authority.

Mr. —— told me at New Orleans that an overseer had actually offered to flog one of the negroes under his charge to show him how it was done, and this in the most careless manner, as if it was quite a common-place proposition. I can hardly help thinking the man had been piqued by some remarks of Mr. ——, and said this as a sort of bravado, to show him he defied his opinion. The other story is, I fear, more *vraisemblable*. An overseer was talking of the idleness and carelessness of the negroes being sometimes very irritating and provoking—as no doubt they may be—and, said he, "when that rascal did so and so, I shot him, that's a fact, for I got so mad I couldn't do nothing else." I have heard, not overseers, but other persons say the same sort of thing frequently, as an excuse for very intemperate and inconsiderate conduct towards others, and they seem to think this exonerates them from all blame, as if they were really not responsible

agents at the time. A gentleman conversing with me some time since in the West, on the subject of some new regulations on board one of the steam-boats, said that the black waiter, on bringing him some beefsteaks and hot potatoes that he had ordered for luncheon, required payment down before the savoury and smoking refection was tasted. Highly indignant, the gentleman remonstrated, nay recommended the ebony-complexioned waiter to "*absquotilate*," without loss of time. He remarked he was above all suspicion, and while he was getting out his purse and counting out the coin, the beefsteaks would be very fast deteriorating in value. Poor Pompey declared the captain's orders were absolute, and that all were required to submit, and again reiterated his request for immediate payment. "I got so mad at this," exclaimed the narrator, "that I took up the whole tray and flung it and the contents in his ugly face." I am afraid there is generally method in this pleaded madness of a moment, for its victims are commonly the helpless and unresisting.

Mr. —— had gone to see the jail, and he remarked some singularly ferocious-looking men, who proved to be Spaniards. "Ay, they are right desperate chaps, them," exclaimed the

jailer or turnkey who accompanied him; "I reckon them furriners 'ud think no more of murdering a man right slick, nor you would of walloping your nigger." But I am saying more than I intended on this theme; and of all people in the world, the English have the least right to find fault with the Americans for retaining still the legacy which they had from England, that melancholy and dangerous keepsake that was her gift—a gift forced on their acceptance too.

I must confess one sees very original advertisements in their papers sometimes. The other day this one caught my eye:—"To be sold immediately, a negro woman, and a case of damaged Marseilles soap:" and often you see mules, carts, wheel-barrows, negroes, and farming utensils, all huddled up together in a comprehensive advertisement. How comprehensive, alas! They do not seem to think; but of one thing I feel quite certain, from many observations I have made, if you had the power to liberate all the slaves in the United States, you would find not a tenth, not a twentieth—perhaps not a hundredth part of them—would accept their freedom from your hands.

I have had an almost sleepless night of mosquito torment. The housemaids assured me

that the mosquitoes hardly ever bite now,—that their *gay season* was over, and that they were living very retired lives; occupying their leisure, I suppose, in improving their minds. If they would but learn to have a little philanthropy! But they would perhaps answer, they "already like man very much indeed." Ah! it is quite a platter affection, a cupboard love.

Hearing the satisfactory report I have quoted above, I left my net rolled up last night, and was almost eaten up alive. I could hardly sleep a wink the whole night, and passed its long hours chiefly in the pleasant occupation of violently boxing my own ears, in ineffectual attempts to deal death and destruction at those unpitying tormentors. They are the most ubiquitous little monsters in existence, and the most unkillable: you give yourself a blow that might knock down the "Mammoth horse," and, though sorely hurt, rejoice in thinking you have pulverized the foe, and you feel him instanter biting away at the very hand which hit the blow, or, laughing at you (and stabbing at you, too), perched on the top of your own nose.

These Lilliputian lancers came on like the clouds of irregular Cossack cavalry that so harassed the French in their direful Russian

retreat,—they are here, there, and everywhere, their terrible "hoorah," and deadly dreadful little war-whoops, freezing one with horror. In the day time it is hateful enough, but at night far worse. However, at night, one has the happy resource of the "bars," as they call the net apparatus here, but none in the day. It would perchance lengthen one's life a little, or at any rate spare oneself from sore anguish, to adopt Cromwell's plan, and wear a coat of mail under one's outer apparel, but soon would these clever little assassins, these "Thugs" of domestic life, find a joint in one's armour; and then should one not be like those ancient warriors, who, by a cruel device of the enemy, found themselves closed up and imprisoned in cuirasses almost red-hot?

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL AT NEW ORLEANS. — THE SWEDISH WAITER AND JENNY LIND.—OPPRESSIVE HEAT IN DECEMBER IN NEW ORLEANS. — VAST QUANTITIES OF COTTON. — THE PROBABLE FUTURE ASPECT OF THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI. —COMMERCE OF NEW ORLEANS.— THE CITY. — ITS PORT.— ITS INHABITANTS. — ITS CHURCHES. — THE CITY SUBJECT TO INUNDATIONS. — PLACES OF SEPULTURE ABOVE GROUND. — WRECK OF THE LOUISIANA STEAMER. — WONDERFUL CAPABILITIES OF THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—THE AMERICANS NOT EXTRAVAGANT WHEN THEY DESCRIBE THE RESOURCES OF THEIR COUNTRY. — ALLIGATORS. — THE RED RIVER. — THE ARTIFICIAL EMBANKMENTS OF THE MISSISSIPPI AT NEW ORLEANS.—THEIR INSECURITY.

We are quite suffering from the heat of the weather here, and we are told it is unusual to be so oppressively warm at New Orleans in the month of December.

We are at a very splendid and comfortable hotel, called "the Verandah;" it reminds me much of a Parisian one. The St. Charles is the largest of all the hotels in New Orleans, but it is much crowded, and we were recommended to try this, as it is quieter, and thus pleasanter

for ladies. The St. Charles looks a little like St. Peter's at a distance,—it is surmounted by an immense dome; it boasts, likewise, of a splendid Corinthian portico. It is said to be the largest in America. The attendance at this Verandah hotel is admirable, and all the arrangements excellent. But the charges are much higher than usual in the States.

We are waited upon by a little Swede almost fresh from Jenny-Lind land; and he asked me at dinner yesterday, in an anxious tone, whether I had ever heard his gifted countrywoman sing. I replied in the affirmative. "Then I come from two miles of her in Sweden —I am from two miles of her" (from where she lives in Sweden).—"Indeed!"—"Yes, and I have known her from a little child. She is very good and fine, oh, very fine; and I hear in England they much like her." I assented, and, eloquent in the praise of his northern land's nightingale, he continued, "She sings so beautiful; she is a wonderful singer! Nothing like her, very great—very fine and great" —and then, by way of crowning all his praises, he exclaimed, with prodigious emphasis, "Oh, she is *very neat, very neat.*" I was not quite sure what particular form of encomium was intended to be conveyed by that expression,

but, nevertheless, signified my concurrence unhesitatingly, as it was evident he considered this a "clincher," for he spoke quite "in italics."

The quantity of shipping here seems to be enormous, and the quays and the Levee (as the great promenade which interposes itself between the Crescent City and the Mississippi is called) were so covered with huge bales of cotton (though it is far from a productive year) that the ground was literally strewn with little lumps of it, fallen from the plethoric bales in moving them. It almost looked as if it had been snowing in large flakes. I think one might drive a tolerably profitable trade as a gleaner by picking up the scattered cotton, collecting it, and making it up into a few second-hand bales. You might almost glean enough to freight a small ship,—or stock a little warehouse.

Once or twice in our Mississippi voyages (for we stopped to see various places, and thus our voyage was performed in separate divisions, and by different steamers) we found ourselves in vessels that appeared to eyes inexperienced in such matters to be alarmingly overladen by the heaped-up cotton bales. I recollect on disembarking from one steamer, that she really seemed, as we watched her from the wharf

where we had landed, to be all but submerged. She looked as though she went along her course making the most profound curtsies imaginable into the water, and how she kept her head above the element in question I know not.

We have luckily got large and airy apartments in this same Verandah hotel; for if they were not so I know not how we should endure the heat. It is now evening—considerably past the middle of December—and we are sitting with broad immense French windows wide open, and, of course, we have no fire, and yet it is suffocatingly hot, and we are gasping for breath; but as the New Orleanists themselves are grumbling and scolding at this weather, as unseasonable and insufferable, I presume we may expect a speedy termination to this frying-pan temperature.

A very agreeable and charming French Louisianian lady, who had travelled with us across the Alleghany Mountains, called to see me the other day. She assured me she was suffering much from the great heat, and seldom remembered it so oppressive. Madame V—— had just returned from Paris. She was travelling in company with her mother, husband, and several friends of theirs, forming altogether a very large and agreeable party. Amongst them

was a Greek gentleman, who had lately settled in New Orleans, and a M. ——, who had travelled a great deal, and was a remarkably well-informed and pleasing person.

Almost whenever we look out of the window, we behold cotton in vast quantities, carried through the streets in rather awkward-looking carts or drays, which recalls to us that we are in the Crescent City,—the City of Cotton *par excellence*. It is called the former name from its semicircular conformation, following the sweeping curves of the Mississippi shore. It is built on the left bank of that mighty stream, and is about a hundred miles from where it mingles its far-travelled waters with those of the Gulf of Mexico,—far-travelled indeed! In its irresistible flow, through how many climates and latitudes has it gone, sounding and sweeping on, in its majestic breadth and more awful depth, and its haughty power, and gigantic features—more like a long sea than a mere river—a drawn-out Adriatic—an attenuated Mediterranean.

Campbell's fine line would apply to it lengthwise, as to the ocean :—"The lightning's wing sinks halfway o'er thee like a wearied bird."

I shall want a microscope when I return to England ; so miserably small and petty will

seem its rivers, its hills—all its features. Magnifying glasses might save one's patriotic vanity a little, till we get used to the miniature scale.

The Mississippi springs to life amid the chilly glare of everlasting snows, and it ends its mighty career beneath a burning sky, ay, almost under the flaming heavens of the tropics. Nothing gives one a better idea of the immensity and greatness of this sublime river, than the reflection that a vast space, comprising about two millions of square miles, pours its surplus waters into this king of rivers. It is indeed a Long Sea. Then not easily can one forget, in looking on those wonderful waters, what change another hundred years will almost certainly have produced on the vast scenes which they lave. What very nations of men will crowd on its busy shores, and throng its immense valley! What a world of wonders will be presented to the future voyager! What industry, what prosperity, what splendour, what yet undreamed-of attainments of civilization, and triumphs of science, and achievements of art!

Already you see the beginnings of all these. The desert is gradually blooming, the forest is retreating, the habitations of men are rising in all directions, fleets of steamers and other

craft are covering the face of the river ; thousands of enterprising settlers are setting foot on the shores, and advancing further and further into the beleaguered wilderness,—but a hundred years hence, nay, fifty ! Imagination almost fails to paint to herself what shall then be unfolded and displayed in broad day to the gladdened vision.

In a commercial point of view, New Orleans stands in a pre-eminently advantageous position. The Mississippi, with its numerous fine tributaries, lays at its feet the products of about twenty-five thousand miles of navigation (only reckoning streams navigable for large vessels), through regions of almost unparalleled fertility and of still greater promise ; and it carries back the varied and extensive contributions of nearly every country and every climate. The city proper is built in the form of a parallelogram ; its whole length (including the incorporated fauxbourgs) is said not to be less than five miles parallel with the river. Some of the streets are extremely handsome, but present a very foreign appearance. There is one enormously wide street, or "place," with trees in rows down the middle of it, something like Eaton Square.

There are a good many villas in the suburbs,

surrounded with gardens, in which orange and other beautiful trees abound. I should think the best possible view of New Orleans, is the one we saw on our arrival from the river. It is indeed magnificent, seen from there; and what a noble and busy aspect did its fine port present, crowded with vessels of all sorts, descriptions, sizes, nations, and appearances; splendid steamboats by hundreds, and a multiplicity of river craft, rafts, barges, flat-bottomed boats, &c.

The inhabitants of New Orleans consist chiefly of Americans, and French and Spanish Louisianians. French is the language generally talked in the streets, in short, the prevailing tongue; but there are some of all nations.

There are many churches in New Orleans, some antique-looking, and others apparently of a very recent date. We attended a Protestant one, lately finished, of admirable architecture. The cathedral, or Church of St. Louis, in the Place d'Armes, is a venerable-looking edifice.

Whenever the Mississippi overflows in the least, the streets of New Orleans are inundated; but the Levee (designed chiefly for the purpose) prevents the great body of the swelling waters from entirely annihilating the place.

Not long ago, there was a very serious overflow. The *crevasses* were fearful, and some alarm was entertained for parts of the city. Boats were the only means of conveyance in the streets, and windows the ways of ingress and egress. It must have been like Venice, but an impromptu sort of Venice, without the needful contrivances and conveniences.

New Orleans has several peculiarities of its own, even when it is not thus unceremoniously entered by the Mississippi. For instance, the cellars and graves are above ground. With regard to the cellars, the basement story of the houses is usually raised very considerably above the surface, the hall door being reached by a flight of steps. The graves are also elevated. The dead are buried in sepulchral houses, which are termed here "ovens." These often contain three or four tiers. Those belonging to the wealthy are frequently very handsome, and built with marble walls. There are walks leading to different parts of this singular cemetery, paved neatly with shells. Were they to attempt to dig into the marshy ground, they would drown the remains of their lost friends and relatives, and write their loved names indeed in water.

There was something very melancholy in

the appearance of the cemetery, that we saw. Altogether, the damp swamp of the unwholesome-looking ground, the low, flat, gloomy inclosure, with its cold and sombre houses of death, and the carelessness and neglect visible, I thought, in general made it a very mournful spectacle. I believe it is not considered prudent to stay long in this sad place, which may account for its seeming rather deserted and uncared-for. Certainly, in general, however little value America may seem to attach to life, before Death, in their magnificent cemeteries, they usually spread a "feast of roses."

While speaking of melancholy subjects, I cannot resist repeating an anecdote I heard the other day from Mrs. ——. Soon after the horrible catastrophe of the Louisiana steamer, the numerous unknown, unclaimed bodies were laid out on the Levee, for their friends or relatives to identify and remove them. A friend of Mrs. ——, a young man of rather delicate health, wished, out of curiosity, to see this appalling spectacle. His friends remonstrated with him, and earnestly sought to dissuade him, telling him that, in his state of health, and subject as he was to nervous depression of spirits, he should carefully avoid such a frightful scene; but he disregarded all their

representations and entreaties, and decided on going. He went, and on beholding the ghastly sight, the hideous rows of mutilated bodies, some mere trunks, and all in the most awfully dreadful condition, he was seized with shivering and fainting; he was quickly conveyed home, but never rallied from the shock; and, after lingering a few days, he died.

The noise of the terrific explosion of the "Louisiana" was heard at a great distance, and fragments of the boiler flew in different directions very far. A mule, in one of the streets, was cut completely in two, by a fragment, and on the Levee, numbers of persons were killed.

We saw the other day, from our windows, an immense procession of Freemasons—at least, such I imagined them to be. They were very handsomely attired and decorated; but one of their number was a most ferocious-looking personage, with a tremendous beard—such a beard! An extravagant humorist might say that a fox-hunter would be fain to draw that cover for a fox, with a probability of success. You might think, in looking at him, that he at least might bear a charmed life among bursting boilers, railroad collisions, and such disasters, and dangers, and fatal accidents; for

if Death stared him in the face, poor Death would surely run off, frightened to death himself.

One cannot but think what a wonderful place this same New Orleans will probably become in the future. It is calculated that the Great Valley of the Mississippi, now only containing, comparatively speaking, a mere handful of inhabitants, could easily sustain and comfortably accommodate one hundred and fifty millions of people. Now the population is about ten millions. What a future! what a country! and what a noble people, to work out its grand destiny, and to fill up magnificently the magnificent designs of Nature. It is all petty malice and jealousy which make people talk of their exaggerated expressions and ideas. A man must have imagination indeed, must out-Shakspeare Shakspeare, the myriad-minded, and the very lord of imagination, to deal in hyperbolical extravagance here. What would be exaggeration in other countries, is here the simplest moderation, and in all probability lags behind the reality. The fact is, they feel their destiny, and their country's destiny, and they would be stocks and stones if they did not; and if, in England, we are disposed to think they "greatly daring" talk, we should remem-

ber a little what a prospect lies before them. Nature, their present, their future—all is in such an exaggerated mood here, all on such a stupendous scale! For them to have little views, and entertain trifling projects, or hold petty opinions, with regard to their mighty country's advancement and progress, would be as absurd as to see a party of giants in go-carts or in pinafores, and playing at "Tom Thumb" and "Goody Two Shoes."

People take different views of things. Our little Swedish waiter seems to think America was especially designed and provided by Nature as a vast receptacle and a sort of asylum for destitute or somewhat needy Swedes; a kind of country of ease for Sweden in particular, who kindly allowed her advantages to be shared by a few other refugees from a few other nations. Regarded in this rather modest light, it appeared to give him tolerable satisfaction, on the whole; though on some points he seemed inclined to think, a little change would be beneficial, such as having a Swedish President here, and trifles of that sort. However, he was an excellent waiter, and laboured most zealously in his vocation; always at hand, always active, attentive, and in good-humour: he must be invaluable to the master of this busy hotel.

We have a great fancy for tasting and trying all sorts of unearthly, half-supernatural dishes. We had found bear excellent in the West; sometimes a wild buffalo capital. Had it been the country for such animals we should have ordered hippopotamus-pie, or a leg of cameleopard, or chimpanzee chops, or a few slices of rattlesnake, with orang-outang sauce. As it was, we asked for wild turkey, and wild geese, and wild racoons, or "possums." I believe these things (I do not know about the last) are accounted very good, and it amused us trying and experimentalizing on them. The *recherchée cuisine* of the hotel did not admit of such "curiosities of cookery;" so very frequently, and with regret, our poor little Swede was constrained to bring us tame beef and mutton, and other such common-place dishes instead. However, he did his best, and brought, triumphantly, the other day, *wild ros bief* (buffalo); and, in short, dubbed anything wild that could possibly be called so. According to him we tasted various very savage fish, and soup manufactured from particularly uncivilized turtle. We should have liked to taste alligator much, but, however, failed in so doing: it is said to be pretty good. There are very few, if any, left in the Mississippi;

the numbers of steamboats there have crowded them out, and frightened them away. The Red River, with its shore, is called, I believe, the cotton planter's paradise, and it is also the alligator's, if the account I hear of the quantities there be true. In the Mississippi they abound only in the creeks and small branches.

The Red River rises in the Mexican Cordillera, and debouches into the Mississippi about two hundred and forty miles from New Orleans: it is navigable for thirteen hundred miles above its union with the waters of the great river. But what is that compared with the united navigable channels of the Mississippi and the Missouri, which in length actually exceed three thousand miles! I have heard it stated to be exactly three thousand four hundred and twenty miles.

The artificial embankments, or Levees, that I have already alluded to, commence on the east bank, sixty miles above New Orleans, and continue to extend down the river more than one hundred and thirty miles. On the west shore, the embankment commences one hundred and seventy-two miles above New Orleans; some, however, think that, instead of a protection, these artificial Levees will prove a means of

aggravating the dangers apprehended. By a natural process the river, it appears, is continually raising its channel by a continued succession of deposits, and also elevating its own banks; but whether the banks are raised by Nature or by art, the result will be equal; for by either it would seem unquestionable that the process of upheaving the bed of the river is accelerated (as the river cannot there deposit the extra material on the neighbouring surface), and, perhaps, the more so, as the velocity and force of the current are considerably weakened and diminished as it advances towards the sea.

The tremendous *crevasses* of this year have greatly alarmed many people. The poor Crescent City already *looks up* at high water to the awful river, and with very tearful eyes too sometimes, and I am not at all sure, on second thoughts, that her commanding commercial position is so very favourable and enviable a one. There is also some chance that she may find herself some day a "fair forsaken," for it is not at all unlikely that the great potentate and papa of rivers may one fine morning run off altogether.

In Mr. Mackay's "Western World" this is perfectly explained. New Orleans then would

have no chance but to put herself upon "rollers," and rush after it, taking up a new position somewhere on its banks.

The electric telegraph is established on an enormous scale in America. The whole of the Western, Northern, and Southern States now hold frequent and uninterrupted communication through its instrumentality. The great line was completed in September 1848. The other day at New Orleans they knew what had happened at Paris twelve days before—so at least I was told.

CHAPTER XXII.

MOBILE.—LAKE PONCHARTRAIN.—AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT.—THE INDIANS AND THEIR SQUAWS.—CHUMPA GIRLS.—SOME ACCOUNT OF MOBILE.—ITS HARBOUR.—FESTIVAL OF THE NEW YEAR.—RIVAL MUSICAL PROCESSIONS.—THE MAGNOLIA GROVE.—MANNER OF LIFE OF THE INDIANS.—MANIFOLD MISERIES ATTENDING WAITING FOR STEAMERS.—MADAME L—— V——.—MR. CLAY.—PREPARING TO START FOR MEXICO.—MADAME L—— V——'S OLD BLACK SLAVE.—HER REMEMBRANCE OF WASHINGTON.—VERSES ON MADAME L—— V——'S DECEASED CHILDREN.

In the month of January 1850 we came by Lake Ponchartrain, in a very good steamer, to the Gulf, and so to Mobile.

Before we embarked on the lake we had to go by railroad a distance of about six miles; and as we were waiting in a curious circular sort of car, we saw an interesting procession of Indians — an Indian encampment on the move. The men seemed a magnificent-looking set, splendidly rigged out in very brilliant and picturesque habiliments. At a little distance, at first sight, I thought their costume looked very much like that of Highlanders in their

grande tenue. They stalked along with extreme dignity, and their haughty walk reminded me of the theatrical, yet bold strutting march of the Albanians, the finest steppers I ever saw.

They were as upright as their own arrows, or the tropical palms; but not so their unlucky squaws, who followed after, bowed under the weight of papooshes, lodge-poles, pots, pans, kettles, all sorts of luggage and lumber, live and otherwise. They looked bent all manner of ways, and old—no wonder—something like a party of nomadic nutcrackers or itinerant notes of interrogation. Poor creatures! how wearily they seemed plodding along after the ungallant gentlemen of the party, who had burthened themselves with nothing but their guns.

We had a charming little voyage over Lake Ponchartrain. I made acquaintance with a particularly nice Louisianian lady on board, who had the misfortune to have a child afflicted with a sad deformity: its little arm was a mere short stump, with something like the rudiments of a hand attached to it. It was a most engaging, charming, little child notwithstanding, full of life, good-humour, and spirits. The mother appeared to adore it, and so did the black nurse.

I was much struck with the great mutual affection this nurse and the child showed to each other, and particularly by the negress's constant and extreme attention to the child when the lady was not there. I mentioned this to her, and also that I thought this nurse had a remarkably good and gentle manner with the child. "Yes," she replied, "but at first she was very rough, and spoke so strangely, that I could hardly understand her." I asked her the cause of this, and she proceeded to tell me that, for some reason, being obliged rather hastily to find a fresh nurse for her child, she had sent for one of the *field hands*—her husband owned a sugar plantation—who were in general rough and rugged to an inconceivable degree; and that, if translated from the field to the house, they were almost insupportable for a short time, but gradually acquired the gentle manners and the quiet ways of speaking of the house servants, and entirely left off all their uncouth and almost savage habits. The blacks, it would seem, then, like all of us, more or less, are the creatures of circumstances.

We saw a most magnificent moon on the Gulf of Mexico the other evening. It appeared of enormous size, and of the most

beautiful fire-colour—in short, more like a rising sun than a moon.

The weather here is deliciously cool and fresh after New Orleans. This morning we had a visit from two Indian Chumpa girls. They are called so from carrying little faggots of pine-wood for sale for the fires, and they generally quietly march into your room without the ceremony of knocking, uttering the magic word "chumpa," which they seem to consider a sort of "Open Sesamé." They belong to the remains of the great Choctaw tribe, and there is a large camp of them not far from Mobile. The Cherokees have lately been removed.

This place, at the mouth of the Mobile river, has become the seat of a very extensive trade, and it is the principal outlet of the commerce of the State of Alabama; and enormous quantities of cotton and other staples are brought down by the different rivers from the upper districts, and also from the western portion of Georgia, and from the State of Mississippi, to this point. Next to New Orleans, this city is the largest cotton market in the Union: it has a beautiful view of the Bay, from which it receives pleasant and health-giving breezes. Near the town are numbers of

pretty and substantial villas, with delightful gardens.

Mobile has a good harbour, and is well-defended by fortifications. Indian names are in the ascendant in this State: Alabama itself, I am told, means "Here we Rest." Then there are the Tallapoosa and Coosa Rivers, the Cahawba and the Chattahoochee (this river united with the Flint, forms, I believe, the Apalachicola, which runs through Florida). Then there is the town of Tuscaloosa, on the Black Warrior River, Tuscumbia, &c. The Bay of Mobile is thirty miles long and twelve broad.

The city was founded by the Spaniards in 1700, but did not become a place of importance or wealth till the Americans captured it in 1811. Some time ago it belonged to Florida, and it may be seen there still in a not very antiquated map.

There were some marvellous processions last night, to celebrate the New Year. These appeared to be representations "of all the world and the rest of mankind," and a little besides this tolerably comprehensive catalogue, for Olympus was there; and, by the way, ran rather foul of another Celestial empire, China, that occasioned some trifling discord, which soon passed away. Pig-tailed Mandarins, pa-

godas, and coloured lanterns on poles, clashed with tridents, chariots, and mythological divinities. But the most trying part of that unlucky rencontre was, that each had a good large noisy band of music, and these bands, with unfaltering intrepidity, came sounding and marching on, nothing daunted, though an harmonious, or, rather, an inharmonious collision was inevitable. "Tweedledum" marched from one end of the street, and "Tweedledee" from the other; and Tweedledum puffed and blew, and twanged and flourished, and Tweedledee fiddled and squeaked, and grunted and groaned.

"The plot thickened;" demi-semi-quavers were fluttering convulsively in the air, and all sorts of queer crochets seemed in the heads of the musicians. Infuriated drummer-boys, from the central flowery land, rub-a-dubbed madly against the "rataplan" of their opponents; either opposition empire came on, as bold as brass and catgut could make them: the fiddlers of snowy Olympus played the sublimest of jigs, and the most thrilling of polkas; the Celestial trombones "Yankee-doodle" and "Old Virginny," with electrical effect. On they came still—would either give way? No: louder, and louder yet. The

basses and trebles, and flats and sharps, and livelys and maestosos, were jumbled together into one most horrible hash and clash of music. Where would it end? Now comes the tug of war. Messrs. Neptune and Mars, and their myrmidons, advance against Chang-fo and Co.: the wind instruments were distending their cheeks almost to bursting, the drums were beaten till they were quite beat. All the notes seemed entangled together in inextricable confusion—a grand hodge-podge of sounds. And now one Mandarin shoulders poor Minerva and her owl into the gutter (as if she were an outer barbarian); another apostrophised the solemn ancient Pluto, with "Go long, there, clear off, you old critter—wake snakes, will ye," and other impressive expostulations, and even the bands of music are utterly confounded and commixed. All, however, comes right at last, the two comets have met without serious damage, and each was seen pursuing its way in its own separate orbit.

I cannot describe to you the beauty of a large magnolia grove near this place. This majestic wood reaches nearly down to the beautiful blue bay, and the trees are unspeakably magnificent. Madame L. V—— tells me that when all the splendid flowers are out in

their full beauty and fragrance, their odoriferous enchantments are beyond all expression. I am told their delicious scent is so powerful, that ten miles out to sea, the air is filled with the rich perfume!

We have several times visited the Choctaw camp in company with Madame L. V——, and in her carriage. These Choctaw Indians are a singular people. As to civilization, poor creatures! I cannot think that theirs extends beyond wearing old second-hand coats when in full dress, and in drinking the hateful "fire-water." They have adopted its ugliest points, and its vilest, but what know they of its advantages and benefits? Their mode of life in that camp seems pretty nearly as savage as it can be, except—and this is, indeed, an improvement—that they no longer go out in their horrible war parties, nor do they now depend entirely for their subsistence upon the chase. They have in general a certain nobleness of look, and the women are, many of them, very handsome. One day an Alabamian, who was not a disciple of "the Mississippi of men, the Father of Waters" (Father Mathew) came lounging into their camp. His fiery and inflamed visage, and ruby nose, contrasted strangely with the calm, stately, finely-tinted

features of the Indian. The savage, being sober, had then, really, the superiority. *Apropos* of tint: if one had been asked to point out the red man, I think the rubicund pale face would have been selected. I did not know till I came here that the Indians and negroes mutually hate each other. The Indians say the Great Spirit made first, Indians, then white men, then dogs, and then niggers.

We have been detained here a long time waiting for the "Royal Mail" steamer, which has not made her appearance. Many people, besides ourselves, have been watching for her arrival with equal anxiety, for the same cause, namely, intending to go to Mexico as passengers in her.

Lately it has been particularly disagreeable, living this life of suspense and looking-out; for, as the steamer was so very much after her day, it was expected she would stay the shortest possible space at Mobile Point, and the intending passengers were earnestly recommended by the "Royal Mail" agents to be quite prepared to start at any time, and in no time. She might arrive in the night, and in that case a little more time was to be allowed; but a mere fraction. One was to sleep weasel-fashion with one eye open, and to keep oneself, as it were,

packed and stowed, and locked and corded, and carded, all ready for almost instantaneous departure. This became, in fact, a life of perpetual packings and unpackings; for anticipating with horror the confusion of a possible night departure, we had every thing ready every night in case,—and then all the indispensable things had all to be got out again in the morning; and almost regularly these were found to have gone burrowing down to the bottom of the trunks and carpet-bags, after the wont of such indispensable things in general.

There were constantly flying reports of the steamer being actually arrived, and the confusion that ensued then was indescribable! By some strange contradiction it appeared as if every thing was so ready that nothing could be found,—in short, the discovery was made that nothing really was ready at all, but the "Royal Mail" steamer; so when this alarm was over, all was to be undone and done over again more systematically. The former had been, so to say, only playing at packing—a mere rehearsal of preparation, but now it must be taken seriously in hand, and you may guess the privation of those days. Talk of journeys over deserts—of dreadfully severe quarantine regulations—what were they to this Tantalus-

like state of trial—this slow starvation amid plenty—not a book could one allow oneself to take out of the trunk, because they were, of course, at the bottom. Writing materials were denied one,—watches were a luxury not to be thought of; not even an innocent pair of scissors, or a harmless little pincushion. Utterly useless would it have been to have purchased other books, &c. They must have all submitted to the same despotic necessity, which knows no law (not even Lynch-law), and must have been without hesitation or commiseration made pitilessly "*ready*," crammed into groaning boxes, and choking trunks,—in fact, we were (or we fully believed we were) utterly packed.

In short, I should have had a most uncomfortable visit to Mobile but for my charming friend, Madame L. V——, who is one of the most delightful people in the world, and with whom we drove out almost every day, leaving directions to send all sorts of scouts after us, in case this truant vessel should arrive. Madame L. V——, and her mother, Mrs. W——, are intimate friends of Mr. Clay, and I have heard many very interesting anecdotes of him from them. A granddaughter of Mr. Clay is at the Roman Catholic convent, near Mobile

(she was placed there for her education), and, to his regret, she has lately declared her intention of taking the veil. I believe Mr. Clay takes great interest in her (her mother, his daughter, is dead), and is much grieved at her taking this step.

Madame L. V—— has a very charming daughter, who is a nice companion for V——. Two other lovely children Madame L. V—— had the misfortune to lose, and she has not yet recovered the severe shock of their death. We went with her one day to the cemetery, where repose her darlings. It is a totally different one from that at New Orleans, and very prettily situated.

I have at last a prospect of going to Mexico. The new United States Minister to that Republic (whom I have made acquaintance with at Madame L. V——'s house), having written to Washington and represented the inconvenience to which he is subjected by this long delay, and the length of time that has elapsed without his being able to assume his diplomatic functions and conduct various important negotiations, the authorities have ordered that a war-steamer shall be "detailed" from Pensacola to convey him and his suite to Vera Cruz. He has obligingly invited some of the detained

passengers to accompany him, and amongst others ourselves. Madame L. V—— advises us to accept this courteous offer, as most likely the English steamer that has been over due so long will not call here at all now, and I am disposed to do so myself.

We have had a delightful drive again to-day with dear Madame L. V——, and saw numbers of the Chumpa girls returning from the pine woods (which are a good many miles off) so laden with the chumpa (pine) that they could hardly move.

One of Madame L. V——'s slaves is a capital old woman, and apparently quite an original —"qui ne se desoriginalisera pas," I should think now, as she must be hard upon a hundred. She perfectly remembers Washington, having seen him once driving out in a carriage on some great occasion in full dress. "E mighty fine man as ebber I seen; his head berry white, (powder probably), he sit up *so* in de carriage," straightening herself and looking dignified with all her might, "just like so; and old Massa he in same carriage, dressed up fine too (he was one of Washington's family, Judge W). I member all berry well, for little child dying, and I ran out o' house and left it, just berry little while, cause eberry body say 'Go

see great General Washington' and *amost* pushy me out for to go see him : little child dying, but I just ran to seen him, and people all halloa and shout berry loud." She gave us all this information in the most elevated tones, a speaking-trumpet voice. She had a white turban on, which showed off her jetty ancient countenance very picturesquely.

There are two portraits of Madame L. V.—'s lovely lost children in her drawing room. They suggested the few following lines.

Bright lovely beings !—on each imaged face,
More of the angel than the child we trace—
More of the immortal than the mortal see,
In each mild aspect 's pictured purity.

Sweet mother, check thy deeply mournful sighs,
Grieve not to spare these Seraphs to the skies.
Ah ! not for them need flow the bitter tear;
How bless'd their sunny fate both *There* and *Here !*

Oh ! not for them should sorrow's drops be shed,
We scarce can dream they died, scarce deem they fled.
Around them seemed to smile, all fresh and fair,
A happier world's serener, clearer air.

'Twas scarce a change—'twas scarce a second birth,
More of Elysium knew they than of earth ?
From Love to Love, from living Light to Light,
How smooth the transit, and how short the flight !

And what to them was Death's pale kiss of Peace,
That bade the flutter of life's pulse to cease ?
Though swift the stroke, though brief the warning given,
'Twas but a step from *such* a Home—to Heaven !

I believe, besides ourselves, Lord Mark Kerr (who is lately come from Canada, where he is Aide-de-camp to Lord Elgin), and Mr. P——, United States Consul at Mazatlan, a friend of Madame L. V——'s, are going in the war steamer with Governor L——. It is expected to arrive very shortly here, and we are all quite ready to start, I hope and trust, having subsisted almost without the barest necessaries of life for a period of about three weeks, in a high state of preparation. The weather has been rather unsettled and rough, but looks just now a little more promising for our Gulf voyage.

But before I beg the reader to accompany me in my departure from the United States, I must detain him with some further remembrances of Boston and New York, to each of which cities I propose devoting a brief chapter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BOSTON AS A COMMERCIAL CITY.—ITS WHARVES.—ITS SHIPPING. —ITS TRADE.—THE INDIA WHARF.—AMERICAN BOYS.—THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF AMERICA. — THE FASHIONABLE QUARTER OF BOSTON. —AMERICAN LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. —YOUNG AMERICA.—BOSTON THE METROPOLIS OF RAILROADS. — GALLANTRY AND PATIENCE OF AMERICAN TRAVELLERS.— —FRESH POND WENHAM LAKE ICE.—MR. PRESCOTT'S TOWN HOUSE.—LIBRARIES, AND LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTIONS IN BOSTON.—ITS PERIODICAL LITERATURE. — ITS CHARITIES.—ITS PATRONAGE OF THE ARTS.—POWER'S SCULPTURES. — FREQUENCY OF FIRES IN AMERICAN CITIES. — GENERAL APPEARANCE OF BOSTON.

Boston seems one of the busiest cities in the world; a brief visit to the commercial quarter will fully satisfy the visitor as to that fact.

Beside its wooden wharves (some of which have durable stone fronts) are innumerable vessels of all dimensions and devices, and of every variety of build and rigging. The water is very deep, and large ships seem almost leaning (as if tired, after their long tempest-tossings perchance, and weary wanderings) against the warehouses and ranges of sub-

stantial and solid edifices, reserved for commercial uses—for some of the slips run a little way into the land. Great numbers of these warehouses are crowded along the shore; the packets from Europe have a convenient slip especially set apart for their accommodation, and exclusive occupation. Mr. Cunard's steamers have a one thousand feet long wharf. Altogether, the sight is an interesting one; the eye is almost bewildered with the heterogeneous and ever-diversified scene.

The coasting trade is said to be three or four times as great as that to foreign ports. There is an extreme difference perceptible in the "naval architecture" of the crowded coasting craft. There are stout-looking schooners which ply between Boston and New York, a devious and difficult voyage, and some rather quaker-looking brigs, somewhat formal and precise, and punctilious in appearance, that are preparing to run a starched and stiff course, if the weather will permit them to do so, to drab-suited Philadelphia. Pass on, and you will see the less elaborately finished craft, which are bound for the Carolina shore, and for the trading and wealthy cities of far-off Alabama and Louisiana, "'way down south." Then there are the fairy, knowing-looking

Baltimore clippers, their graceful masts clustered together like a whole dense plantation of tall slim walking-sticks for young giants. They are for the Monumental City.

Then immense steamers are to be seen, bound for various places, that look so light, despite their large size, that a strong puff of wind might peradventure lift them "right away" out of the water, to continue their voyage in mid air. If you entered, you would find their furniture and appointments such as might have tasked the most skilful looms of Persia, and beggared of their costliest materials the marts of farthest Ind.

And that brings me, without further digression, to what is called the "India wharf," which is nearly a thousand feet long, and about two hundred and fifty feet wide. The richly freighted ships from distant Hindostan, and jealous China, bring here their many treasures; and those vessels, too, that are bound for these favoured lands, with innumerable wares for their different markets. Wherever you turn, on all these wharves you find the bustle of business. It would be a difficult matter to describe the profusion and superabundance of rattling and lumbering drays and carts, and barrows and trucks, the crowds of porters jostling each

other, and the throngs of the busy dealers and clerks, and superintendents and assistants, and consignees on every side, or the strange chaos of commerce seemingly heaving all around you. What is there? nay, what is there not? Salt, sugar, molasses, cotton, calico, marble, leather, silk, flour, coffee, fruits, oil,—stowed away in bales, barrels, boxes, bags, hogsheads, jars, casks, chests, sacks, and cases, till there seems enough to feed, and clothe, and supply half a world for a century to come, piled before you.

I shall beg the reader now to seat himself on Prince somebody's carpet, as in the fairy tale, and taking leave of these busy scenes (there are, by the way, about two hundred docks and wharves altogether, surrounding Boston), fly over some zigzagging streets of huge warehouses, which streets are grim and gloomy enough, but of no great length, and over the noisy reeking Irish quarter, which I am told intervenes, and the carpet shall stop the way for a time, in the centre of the city. I have mentioned before, how that the side-walks were turned into counters "of ease," for the overflowing, crammed shops; and how they looked as if it had actually rained silks and calicoes, and cottons, or as if some of the richly-laden ships, had by some magic, been

carried into the heart of the town, and wrecked almost on the doorsteps of the stores.

But look at these newly-arrived hurrying Yankees. They stalk over these piles without casting a look to the right or left, with their curious boots turned up at the points, something like Turkish cimeters (these are not the dandies of Boston, but haply speculators in some of the ten thousand and one lines which people speculate in, throughout these busy regions) ; they have an eager, on-looking, straightforward stare, and a rather vacant, and yet anxious look, as if they had sent their minds on before them, and their bodies were hastening after, and trying, at least, to keep these very go-ahead *avant couriers* in view — in short, running after them as well as they could. And sooth to say, these personages are rather cadaverously complexioned ; as is the wont of bodies no longer tenanted by their spiritual occupants.

Look at that boy, that mannikin, with his hat so knowingly on one side, and the Turkish cimeter-like boots and all ; he is "a dreadful bright boy," that. You would see him chew and smoke, if it was not forbidden in the Trimountain City, and hang his nether limbs out of a railroad car (if you met him in one, and

if he could by possibility lengthen them, so as to contrive so to do); or he will tell you, perchance, with his tiny squeaking voice, "We air a great people, by thunder, the greatest on the airth, and can do all things double first-rate, from blowing up a universe and a half, if it misbehaves, to blowing half a soap-bubble. Now; we'll put the Atlantic and Pacific in our side-pockets any day, and reduce all Europe to nowhar and a grease spot," and so forth: and very soon not only this species of boasting, but other ungraceful bragging (which, though not so broad, is yet sufficiently extravagant) will be entirely confined to this very young America.

As this people progress and advance more and more, they will gain more the humility of true greatness. They will feel more the vast responsibilities that rest upon their Titanic shoulders; they will weigh more what stupendous steps they have yet to take,—what almost incomprehensibly-great destinies are slowly unfolding before them; and these most momentous and grave considerations will gradually produce their effects, and at length impress continually their views, opinions, works, and even words. They will feel more and more that their past and present colossal greatness does not make future improvement and pro-

gress,—as Napoleon's renown was said to do of all future fame—impossible, but imperative, — absolutely indispensable. Nature has done so much for them, that to be commensurate with her, to keep pace with their giant opportunities, they *must* act as giants.

And we must be just, too; for, verily what would be boasting and hyperbolical rodomontade with others, is the mere simple truth often with them. Nature speaks to them in such grandiloquent strains that she sets the example of "tall talking." But I must return to "*mes moutons.*"

We will take a glimpse at the fashionable quarter of the town. Near the Common are a number of very handsome mansions; and in driving or walking along the streets in the neighbourhood of it you will see many splendid equipages of the merchant princes and princesses of old "Shawmut." You will often meet a group of graceful ladies (perhaps going to shop in Washington-street), not only beautiful, but with contenances of the most intellectual expression. From all I hear and see, I believe the Boston ladies are particularly accomplished and amiable.

The gentlemen look like gentlemen—not because they have lemon-coloured kid gloves,

or Parisian boots, but from their whole air and manner. As to being merely well dressed in the cost-and-quality-of-material sense of the word, that almost everybody is. A mob in the United States is a mob in broad-cloth. If we may talk of a rabble in a republic, it is a rabble in black silk waistcoats (the favourite wear among certain classes in America) and well-brushed hats. Therefore, to look really like a gentleman in the United States, depends in nowise on the clothes, but entirely on their wearer; and the tailor has less to do with manufacturing a gentleman here, than in perhaps any other part of the world. For in all other countries you are a *little* assisted to the conclusion, unwittingly, by the dress; but here not in the least, and you must judge wholly by *l'air noble et distingué*, or the reverse, of the individual."

It is very seldom you see any equestrians in these northern cities. Everybody chooses either to walk or go in carriages. The Common is a very agreeable place for promenading; and there you will see a great deal of *little* America in the shape of pretty fairy-like children, enjoying the fresh air with their Irish nurses, or their graceful mammas.

Little America is unhappily, generally,

only grown up America, seen through a telescope turned the wrong way. The one point, perhaps, in which I most concur with other writers on the United States, is there being no real child-like children here. The little creatures, looking all the time everything that is infantine and unsophisticated, will read novels and newspapers by the hour together, and the little boys will give you their opinions dictatorially enough occasionally; and the little girls "talk toilette," and gossip, and descant on the merits of the last French novel, or the eligibility of such a *parti* for a husband for such a lady; or on the way Mrs. So and So misconducts her household affairs, and spends money at Newport or Saratoga Springs; and so far this is not pleasing to our English tastes.

But, nevertheless, there are many very good, and perhaps sufficient reasons assigned for the necessity that exists in this country at present for bringing up their children with a thorough knowledge of the world. The boys have all an active part to play in the mighty drama of busy life on which they are entering—nationally, politically, socially, or commercially. No drones are admitted into the great Transatlantic hive. There is no time to spare; they must be ready, as soon as possible, to take their

places and run in the great race, or they will be distanced by their more agile and precocious contemporaneous competitors, and see prize after prize borne away by those who had learned their A B C with them, or after them.

The girls are generally married early to husbands in business, and have to take care of themselves. They ordinarily live (till a competency is acquired and a house bought) at the enormous hotels that abound in the State, while their husbands are at their desks or counters all day.

What quantities of omnibuses and hack carriages are plying backwards and forwards from the railroad depôts! The trains seem going and coming incessantly, for Boston is a sort of metropolis of American railroads: it is the centre of the whole railroad system of New England, and from it the iron lines radiate to all parts. The star of Massachusetts is an iron star, and its rays shine with the far-searching light of progress and power. Canals and roads give it countless other additional facilities for intercommunication and self-accommodation.

The New England railroads are in general exceedingly well managed; but they are not as fast as ours. They have no express trains

running sixty miles an hour ; but in a few years they will, I doubt not. (As to the electric telegraphs in the United States they put us entirely to the blush.) It has happened to me on these railroads to look out of the window, when we have stopped very suddenly, and to see a lady, lounging as slowly as possible, parasol in hand, across the rails, evidently rather enjoying thus keeping the train waiting till it suited her to dawdle out of the way.

As to the cows, they seem to think the iron road was especially intended for them ; but their constant habit of getting in the way, and the "cow-ketcher," which adorns every train, —invented in order to convince them of their error,—has been so often mentioned, that I will not dwell on the subject. I have heard that the railroad sometimes takes a short cut across a churchyard in this country, but I never saw an instance of this, nor should I believe it. They treat and brave death lightly enough certainly here ; but *the dead* are uniformly respected and honoured.

We stopped one day in the "cars" (as they usually call the train) about a quarter of an hour, for a newly-married lady, whose husband, by some strange absence of mind, thought she had entered the car, and jumped in just be-

fore the train started. He paced up and down, looking for the gentle bride, in vain. At last the sympathizing conductor, on being informed of the mistake, had the train stopped, and the gentleman ran back and brought the lady to the cars; the passengers all waiting with the greatest patience, and acquiescing unmurmuringly in the gallant conductor's decision; indeed, many hardly looked up from their newspapers, as if it was the most every-day circumstance that had happened.

I have invariably remarked that, eager and go-a-head as they are, the Americans are the most philosophically patient travellers in the world. You are kept waiting for a cow, or a pig, or another train coming, or a forgotten wife, and they betray no symptoms of impatience or indignation. The *contretems* is borne with the most inexhaustible stoicism and the most unvanquishable good temper. How an Englishman would fume and fret!

When we were at Cambridge the other day, we went with Mr. and Miss Everett to see Fresh Pond, which in reality supplies, as we were told, England and other parts of the world with the far-famed Wenham Lake ice. The water is like liquid diamonds, so transparent and sparkingly pure. The scenery

around is worthy of being mirrored in it. I am told, in the winter it is one of the gayest scenes in the world. During the time of the ice-cutting, innumerable sleighs assemble on the spot, and the *beau monde* of Boston are all to be met there. The clear polished ice is cut into blocks, about two and twenty inches square, for which operation a machine expressly constructed and invented, is used (called the ice-cutter), and it is then covered with sawdust, packed, and sent to all quarters of the earth,—India and China among others.

We went to see Mr. Prescott's town-house the other day,—a very handsome and spacious one, with a large library. He has a number of good pictures and busts; among the former, some fine ones of Spanish monarchs. Framed and hung up in one of the rooms, we saw a portion of the rich lace that adorned the shroud of Cortez.

Boston is, I think, very rich in libraries, both public and private. It contributes very largely to the literary advancement and reputation of native literature, and it has a remarkable number of literary and of philosophical institutions. It has some of the most valuable periodicals and journals of the coun-

try. I have just been informed there are fifty weekly newspapers in Boston, besides sixteen daily ones; but this is only a small part of the periodical literature of Boston.

This mightiest city of New England, therefore, seems to advance with simultaneous progression in every varied walk. Unsurpassed—nay, hitherto, in some respects, unrivalled—in material prosperity and practical development, she sedulously devotes her unwearied energies also, to cultivating to the highest point all the mental faculties. The intellectual studies of her inhabitants are pursued with ardour and vigour; and on all sides you see evidences of this truth, in the numerous and excellent educational establishments and admirable scientific institutions.

The instruction of the people is a paramount consideration in the public charities, and among the crowded seminaries and schools are several most munificently endowed by some of the public-spirited citizens of the Granite City. The arts, too, seem to flourish and improve here, and to keep pace with the ceaseless march of knowledge and erudition. Music, painting, and sculpture here exert their exquisite influence and weave their magic spells. There is a gallery of sculpture, in

which Power's matchless works are exhibited; and though some of the less initiated and refined may call the "Greek slave" (as I have read in some jocular account of it) "the greatest piece of whittling in the world," — they appear most sincerely and earnestly to admire it and the other beautiful works of art in the saloons. Music, too, is making great progress.

It appears to me that refinement and elevation of taste are advancing here as rapidly as science, knowledge, wealth, and prosperity. Those who wish to indulge in any invidious and vituperative observations respecting America had better make haste, or they will find themselves absolutely compelled to praise and admire instead. Not only in Boston but universally in New England the habits of the people seem daily becoming more and more polished and refined.

Boston just now is not very full: the greater part of the wealthy inhabitants are gone to the watering places. I find it is a custom here sometimes, on going into the country, merely to turn the key in the lock of the house-door. No domestic is left in charge of the vacated building, but it is left to take care of itself.

This city is well lighted. Speaking of light-

ing, however, I must say in America the fires, so frightfully frequent, render gas almost a work of supererogation. If you arrive at a town at night, you may be pretty sure you will find it illuminated by a convenient conflagration; and though they do not exactly intend to burn down their houses to light travellers the better through their streets (as extravagant a mode as Charles Lamb tells us was adopted in some wild country for pig-roasting before cookery was known), yet it really has that effect, as we found from practical experience. Boston and the other towns in New England are all lighted by gas, but I think the lighting arrangements sometimes are a little neglected, and, in some few towns, rather insufficient.

State-street is a very busy and wealthy-looking street in Boston, and Tremont-row, hard by our hotel, is a particularly handsome one. But this is altogether a very striking town, although its streets are not so regular and wide as those of many smaller towns. Boston was planned in old times, when much irregularity prevailed in the system of city building. Besides this, it is very much circumscribed, from its situation on a rather vandykeing Peninsula, with a surface far from

regular, joined by a mere narrow strip of *terra firma* to the main land. In short, the city proper is in confined and straitened circumstances. It wants some territorial acquisitions to increase its accommodation for building-ground, ornamental space, &c. If M. Agassiz would set his coral insects to work, to enlarge and spread the available land around, he would confer a signal service on the city, which, nevertheless, is, all things considered, a very noble capital.

Towns and villages in numbers have started up around it, to relieve it of its superabundant population, but these offshoots hardly add to the stateliness of its appearance. Notwithstanding this, it is a "great place," as they say here; and, as a lady, who is not a beauty, often takes more care of her personal appearance, and endeavours to rectify, and to compensate for, the mistakes and niggardliness of Nature, by additional attention to various little arts of pleasing, — so Boston, disadvantageously situated in some few respects for imposing architectural show and symmetrical display, makes amends for these inconveniences and unfavourable conditions, by the most scrupulous order and cleanliness, and the most finished propriety and exquisite management.

This is one reason, I believe, why it reminds me of a promoted Amsterdam,—that is, hoisted on a hill, — and other towns in Holland.

The houses are of granite and brick, and a flight of marble steps often conducts you to the hall doors of Boston's hospitable mansions.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BUSTLE IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—TRINITY CHURCH.—WALL STREET. — THE PARK.—THE SHOPS IN BROADWAY. — TRAFFIC IN BROADWAY.—IRISH AND GERMAN EMIGRANTS. — WHARVES OF NEW YORK.—ITS SHIPPING.—THE ASTOR HOUSE HOTEL.—THE EXCHANGE.—THE CUSTOM HOUSE.—THEATRES. —THE CITY HALL—THE CHAIR OF WASHINGTON.—CHURCHES. —BENEVOLENT, LITERARY, AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS.—SQUARES, MANSIONS. — FOREIGNERS IN NEW YORK.—SYMPATHY BETWEEN AMERICA AND RUSSIA.—THOSE TWO NATIONS. —ANECDOTE OF AN AMERICAN IN RUSSIA. — PEARL STREET. —MILITARY COMPANIES IN NEW YORK.—THE MILITIA.—THE FIREMEN. — THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH IN AMERICA. — THE BATTERY.—THE HALL OF JUSTICE.—THE BOWERY.

New York is certainly altogether the most bustling, cheerful, lifeful, restless city I have yet seen in the United States. Nothing and nobody seem to stand still for half a moment in New York; the multitudinous omnibuses, which drive like insane vehicles from morning till night, appear not to pause to take up their passengers, or it is so short a pause, you have hardly time to see the stoppage, like the instantaneousness of a flash of lightning. How on earth the people get in or out of them, I

do not know: the man behind surely must sometimes shut a person half in and half out, and cut them in two, but neither he nor they have time to notice such trifles. You see them thrust, and shoved, and pushed, and crammed through the hastily opened door, as if they were the merest "live lumber."

Empty or full, these omnibuses seem never to go slower. I have seen dozens upon dozens of them go by perfectly empty, but just as much in a hurry, tearing and dashing along, as if full of people too late for the train.

You almost wonder at the houses standing still in New York, and begin to think them rather slow and behind the age. You feel surprised they are not built on wheels. I did hear, indeed, of whole suburban streets being removed the other day, to a more eligible situation on rollers, or something of that kind—but I will not vouch for the fact.

New York has been so often and so minutely described, that I shall not dwell on the details of its plan, situation, or appearance. I will only mention a few points that struck me. Perhaps the building I was the most pleased with, in New York, is the Trinity Church. I do not profess to understand ecclesiastical architecture, but if one of its perfections be

the raising the thoughts and contemplations from earth to heaven, then must Trinity Church be deserving of the highest commendation. Its spire is unspeakably beautiful (three hundred feet high), and almost seems to pierce the sky like a flash of retorted lightning. It is situated on the western side of Broadway, exactly opposite the entrance of Wall-street into it. Wall-street is the busiest street in New York, and answers to our Lombard-street in London.

The park is pretty, but too small for such a city as New York. It has a beautiful fountain, and is splendidly illuminated at night by thousands of lamps. There are numerous superior shops in Broadway, but the most pre-eminently magnificent is "Stewart's;" it is one of the finest structures I ever saw, its front being composed entirely of white marble. Mr. Stewart is going to add immensely to this splendid store, and it will occupy almost as much space as the Palazzo Doria at Rome.

Crowds of carriages, private and public, are to be seen in Broadway, passing and re-passing every moment, filled with ladies, beautifully dressed, in the most elaborate Parisian toilettes. Among the thousands of fashionable promenaders who are thronging the side-walks,

there is often to be seen, a group of Irish or German emigrants, just as they have come from the crowded packets, the latter looking very picturesque, with their national costume. I saw the other day, a large party of these poor people. They looked like Bavarian peasants, and they, as well as several pudding-like children who accompanied them, seemed struck with utter astonishment, at the noise and incessant bustle of animated Broadway. The carriages scampered by as if all New York was going to turn out, and leave them in undisputed possession. They looked so bewildered, that I fancied they were perhaps come from some of the quiet hamlets I have seen by the side of the Danube, where time and the river seem to flow by with equal calmness.

But look a little beyond that German group. From what part of the world do those most extraordinary masqueraders come? One has got only half a hat, another, two joined in one, and their habiliments are marvellously grotesque. Their hair, in some instances, hangs nearly on their shoulders, in others it radiates away very respectfully from the skull, as if controlled by some mysterious centrifugal force of the brain within. In the name of

fortune, whence are they? They look intelligent, resolute, self-confident—in the name of fortune, indeed! for perhaps these men, at the moment you are half-pitying them, half-wondering at their forlorn and destitute appearance, are worth millions of money, and to-morrow, they will shine out in all the splendour of a New York exquisite's toilette. They are returned Californians, just landed, come to enjoy in "the States," the golden fruits of their toils, their perseverance, and their industry.

The wharves of New York, during the business season, are densely lined with the shipping of every maritime country under the sun. Merchantmen of every size are there, and for at least three miles, they present an uninterruptedly continued forest of masts, and cordage, commingling, apparently, with the chimneys of almost innumerable steamers. More than a thousand sailing vessels, nearly a hundred steamers, about eighty tow-boats, and two hundred canal-boats, may usually be found in the noble harbour of New York, during the busy time of year. In the severest winter, this harbour is never obstructed by ice, so that vessels are not inconvenienced on that account.

I have already mentioned the magnificence of the New York hotels, but must just add, that the enormous Astor House not only is said to be furnished with its own private printing press for striking off the diurnal bills of fare, but it also makes all its own gas. However, it does not yet, I believe, manufacture its own linen or plate!

The Merchants' Exchange I was much struck with. It has a glorious portico, formed by a towering and imposing colonnade, the shafts of whose noble Ionic columns are separately composed of enormous blocks of granite. We entered the great room, and were amazed at its magnificent proportions. It is a rotunda, and of vast diameter, adorned with high marble Corinthian columns.

Beyond this, at the corner of Nassau and Wall Streets, is the Custom House for the port of New York. It is two hundred feet long, ninety feet wide, and eighty feet high, and is constructed wholly of superb white marble: the form is that of a Grecian temple of the Doric order of architecture. The front looking to Wall Street displays an immensely broad and lofty flight of steps, also of white marble. I understand it has a second similar front on a street at the back, which runs parallel to Wall

Street (Pine Street, I believe). Each front has a noble portico. It is made fire-proof throughout, huge slabs of marble covering the whole roof.

The great Hall of business is a rotunda, sixty feet in diameter, with recesses and galleries, making it eighty feet. It has an elaborately stuccoed dome, supported by sixteen Corinthian columns. The Custom House is built on the site of the Old City Hall, in the open gallery of which Washington was inaugurated first President of the United States.

There are numerous theatres in New York. We visited none of them, so I cannot describe their internal appearance and accommodations. One, called the Park Theatre, is exactly opposite the Astor House. Not far beyond the Park Theatre stands a rather gloomy and unattractive building: it is called Tammany Hall, and is the place where the Loco Focos are (or were) wont to assemble. Still a little further up, and within the area of the Park, stands, beautifully situated, the City Hall. Its front elevation is of white marble, and is ornamented with pilasters and columns of the Corinthian, Ionic, and Composite orders, rising one above the other in regular gradation.

In the Common Council Room is a chair (which is still used by the President), that Washington sat in when he presided over the first American Congress, which assembled in New York.

From the cupola that surmounts the building, a view of the whole vast city is commanded; and in this there is a clock; and there is also an apartment constantly occupied, night and day, by a watchman, whose office it is to keep a perpetual look out for fires, and to give the alarm, by striking an enormous bell which hangs in a belfry in the rear of the cupola, and which is exclusively used for this purpose. By this bell the man watches with a hammer in his hand, ready to give the necessary notice when he observes the least indication of fire. The sound can be heard from one end of the city to the other, and is almost instantaneously responded to by a hundred others in every direction. The number of strokes indicates the particular ward.

There are nearly three hundred churches, I believe, in this city. There are a considerable number of excellent Literary, Benevolent, and Scientific Institutions. Some of the squares of New York are very handsome. Washington Square is prettily laid out with walks, and

shaded with flourishing trees. Union Square has a fountain in the centre, and is enclosed with a handsome iron fence. St. John's Park is also embellished with a fountain, and adorned with trees.

Some of the private mansions in New York have quite an imposing and palatial appearance, and are very magnificently furnished. All the States have their representatives in the crowded and ever-animated thoroughfares of this populous city—nay, I might say indeed, so have almost all the nations of the earth.

The French appear to muster numerically stronger than any other people, but this arises from the fact, that nearly all the New Yorkers are accoutred in Parisian costume. Their very hair is cut and combed, and their beards trimmed and clipped strictly *à la Française*, which does not in general improve their personal appearance. Looking merely to the people, you might often fancy yourself in the Boulevards, instead of in Broadway. *Au reste*, Germans, Swedes, Poles, Italians, and hosts of others meet you at every turn. There are but few Russian visitors here it seems; but I am very much struck by the apparent *entente cordiale* that exists between Russia and the

United States. There seems an inexplicable instinct of sympathy, some mysterious magnetism at work, which is drawing by degrees these two mighty nations into closer contact. Napoleon, we know, prophesied that the world, ere long, would be either Cossack or Republican. It seems as if it would first be pretty equally shared between these two giant powers.

I cannot resist dwelling a little on this interesting subject.

Russia is certainly the grand representative of despotic principles, as the United States are the representatives of democratic ones. How is it that these antagonistic principles, embodied in those two mighty governments, allow them to be so friendly and cordial towards one another ? In the first place, the Emperor Nicholas is a very far-seeing and astute politician ; he keenly feels all the benefits that may accrue to him from cultivating the best possible understanding with the United States. He has deep and profound motives for this, which, if he lives long enough, time will gradually develope, to the astonishment of many, perhaps, who ought to be more alive to the signs of the times than they are ; and in the second place, there *is* a sympathy between those apparently dissimilar countries.

Russia and the United States are the two young, growing, giant nations of the world —the Leviathans of the lands! They enjoy extraordinary advantages; the older nations seem to have paved and prepared the path before them. Around the footsteps of either living and far-striding collossus, science and knowledge have shed the most surprising light; the most astounding and marvellous and momentous discoveries have been made; the most useful triumphs achieved. Man almost seems a second time to have been hailed master of the creation — civilization has penetrated the uttermost corners of the earth — time and space and the lightning are his familiars and his servants. With all these advantages, those two grand young nations are strong to the race, and fresh to the glorious contest. Far off, in the future, centuries and ages beyond this present hour, is their culminating point. What to other nations may be work and labour, to them is but, as it were, healthful relaxation, the exercising of their mammoth limbs, the quickening of the mighty current of their buoyant and bounding life-blood, the conscious enjoyment of their own inexhaustible vitality.

There is much similarity, in short, in the

position of those two vast powers. The extraordinary increase in the United States of wealth, of territory, of population, and the wondrous opening of fresh avenues, and new approaches incessantly to mightier dominion, greater influence, and vaster resources, are known to all; but though assuredly not even remotely approximating to the United States, in the advancement of mental energies and intelligence, or in commercial enterprise and facilities, or manufacturing capabilities, or even in the thousand practical manifestations of civilization, and internal improvements, and progressive material prosperity and development, yet Russia is making immense strides, too, on her part. Her population has increased to sixty millions; she is beginning to develope her gigantic resources; her physical power is stupendous and paramount; her internal condition flourishing and apparently stable. She is strong in her geographical position, protected to the rear by Nature herself, — by inhospitable wildernesses and world-wide barriers of ice — thus she can unhesitatingly afford to fling her whole Titan strength and force into the van. Her foreign policy is most energetically administered, as well as most skilfully and successfully conceived.

She has plenty of time, too, before her — she can watch and she can wait. She is conciliating those who would seem to be her natural enemies; economizing, for the present, her interference; consolidating her energies and means; improving her opportunities, and placing herself, move by move, in the most formidable attitude, both for offence and defence, and playing the mightiest and the most magnificent game that perhaps has ever yet been played on earth.

Still there is, undoubtedly, the greatest possible difference between her and America. The former is constantly watching other nations, adapting herself to meeting and confronting their policy, waiting to snatch, to seize, and to conquer. Her chief energies seem to have an outward tendency — an outward direction. In America, on the contrary, those noble energies have a more central action. She is ever occupied in incalculably important internal improvements; her glorious task is of a more domestic kind. In her own vast regions are her giant powers perpetually at work, advancing, perfecting, enriching, and strengthening! Her internal intercommunications, her extension of navigation and commerce, her expanding manufacturing

industry demand the most incessant attention. The most carefully finished touches are sedulously given to the comprehensive machinery by which is regulated, in various modes, to a certain extent, the momentous schemes and enterprizes of that speculating, industrious, active-minded community. All that concerns their privileges, their well-being, their personal rights, attracts the most deep and unwearied interest; while reforms, skilfully adapted to the spirit of the age—such as measures for the attainment of a more speedy and efficient administration of justice; the revision and amelioration of divers laws and systems; the establishment of harmony between conflicting and antagonistic interests; and, above all, increased provisions for the happiness, through munificently-enlarged opportunities for the enlightenment and education of the people, have occupied, and do occupy, her indefatigable politicians, administrators, and citizens.

She has nothing to do with, or to gain from, intrigues of diplomacy and Machiavelian machinations of policy. Her stupendous work is at home, but her influence is felt to the farthest ends of the earth, and her shadow is spreading from pole to pole. Like a

colossal tree, she *stands*, and firmly stands, while she grows and spreads, and her roots are deepening while her branches are expanding.

Nay, she is framing additional supports, new stems and trunks, like the Indian Banyan, so that, while uprearing her glorious bulk and stature in height, she is ever multiplying her props and her foundations.

Russia is anxious to foment contentions and jealousies between other nations, for her own ulterior purposes and profit. America would merely incline towards a constitutional propagandism, and that chiefly from a generous desire felt by all her people, from her loftiest statesman to her lowliest citizen, — that others should participate in what, with a thorough straightforward conscientiousness, they firmly believe to be the most precious of benefits and advantages — their free institutions and popular forms of political organization.

If Canada (and that is certainly not a very unlikely event) should be annexed at any future time to the United States, the latter and Russia would be adjoining countries. The two grand extremes would meet. Despotism and democracy would shake hands over

a rivulet, and smile at each other across a footpath.

Russia is determined to be on the best possible terms with the United States at any rate, and I have been over and over again impressed with that conviction, since I have been in America; and that the latter takes her flattery, — her complimentary cordiality, and gentle insidious advances very kindly, is most plainly evident.

The empire of the Czar is wonderful certainly; but how much it seems dwarfed when compared with America! Its progression is chiefly or wholly in physical advancement; but that of the United States is in both material and mental aggrandizement. Russia will leave no methods untried, to attach the United States to her interests,—to ensure at least her complete *neutrality*, in the event of contingencies, which her telescopic view steadily contemplates, and her mighty hand ever labours to bring about. She has no desire whatever to try her strength against the rival young giant — to wrestle (like the mighty athletes of old) with that tremendous competitor, in the Amphitheatre of Nations, for the edification of the world. She knows the prophecy, and has some faith in it, but is

bent on substituting (for a time at all events) "*and*" for "*or*." The world may be shared, may be Cossack *and* Republican. She positively will be modestly content, for a season, with only half a world. A Cossack hemisphere may hob and nob in a friendly manner with a republican one, over the conquered empires of earth and of the ocean.

I have spoken of Russia watching; America watches too, but unlike the contemporaneous colossus, it is more the powerful pulsations of her own mighty heart that draw her regards. If all is right *there*, the future is at her feet, and she knows it. And she has occasion to watch, for more reasons than one; for there are symptoms of grave disorder threatening there, and strange signs of the dissolution of the great federal compact. Nothing more convinces the uninitiated stranger of this fact, than the incessant denunciations thundered against disunion, the accumulated protestations and manifestations and deprecations, all to the same effect. I think they exaggerate the evil that would arise, in the event of dissolution, but the subject is too deep for discussion here.

After this long prose, I cannot resist repeating an amusing anecdote I heard the other day,

relative to an American in Russia. This gentleman had a great wish to see the Czar, and asked the United States minister to procure him an introduction; but the public receptions were over, and the minister told him it was impracticable. Somewhat indignant, and resolved to test the assumed impracticability, the traveller addressed a letter to one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, I believe, and solicited an interview with his Imperial Majesty, as he had "brought some acorns from the grave of the great Washington, expressly to lay at the Emperor's feet, well knowing how the character of the mighty liberator was appreciated," &c. Success crowned his efforts; he had the interview he desired, and not only that, but he dined with the Czar, and the following day was invited to drive out with him, and had the pleasure of passing the United States minister while seated by the side of the mighty Nicholas, and of making him a very patronizing bow as he dashed by in the imperial carriage: so runs the story.

Pearl-street, a labyrinthine street in New York, which is said to have been originally built by the Dutch, along a cow-track, is a very zigzagging thoroughfare indeed. One would really almost think the Dutch cows had taken

to drinking draughts, *not* of water "as deep as the rolling Zuyderzee." It is very narrow, and the houses are very high, like those in Old Edinburgh; waves and billows of merchandise of every description and denomination seem pouring over from the brimming stores and warehouses, into the inconveniently narrow street. If you were in Paris, you might think the street had been purposely obstructed with stubborn barricades; but there are no *enfans de la patrie*, with pikes and muskets to oppose your progress behind them. So if you can climb like a cat, or twist yourself about like a serpent, or a slippery eel, you have every chance of surmounting those costly and peaceful obstacles to your progress.

Look at those two tall Kentuckians, with their tufted chins, somewhere about seven feet "above snakes;" they can take a few of the interposing calico-mountains and cotton pyramids in their stride, but at last even they must stop and scramble over or through with difficulty and exertion. Like Damocles' sword too, over your head, are suspended from high cranes threatening loads, that would soon pulverize you out of your difficulties, and reduce you to very convenient dimensions, if they chanced to tumble upon you.

There are a great number of military companies in New York, and some of them are really very martial-looking indeed. I am told there is a company of Highlanders, formed by the sons of far Caledonia; and there are German, French, Italian companies, &c. There are a number of target companies, each known by some particular name—usually, I believe, that of a favourite leader who is locally popular among them. Others take their appellation from some celebrated historical character, and others from anything that happens to occur to them, it would seem.

A few of them are "The Washington Market *Chowder* Guard" (chowder is a famous dish in the United States), "Bony Fusileers," "Peanut Guard," "Sweet's Epicurean Guard" (surely these must be confectioners), "George R. Jackson and Company's Guard," "Nobody's Guard," "Oregon Blues," "Tenth Ward Light Guard," "Carpenter Guard," "First Ward Magnetizers," "Tompkins' Butcher Association Guard," "Mustache Fusileers," "Henry Rose Light Guard," "Atlantic Light Guard," "Junior Independence Guard," and multitudes of others.

The militia numbers about one hundred companies, which comprise six thousand men. The Target Companies are said not to fall short

of ten thousand men. I am informed that the passion of arms is beginning to manifest itself very much here, and the youths are not happy till they are enrolled in some of those bands. It is said that thousands of the boldest spirits in the Mexican campaign, who were ever in the van, and at the post of danger, rushing to the cannon's mouth with fiery valour, and storming, with irresistible intrepidity, the strongholds of the enemy, were those who had figured in such "Target Companies" as these.

Generally a target, profusely decorated with flowers, is carried before the company, borne on the stalwart shoulders of a herculean specimen of the African race, to be shot at for a prize, or for glory, and the "bubble reputation" alone. On its return from the excursion and practice, the target will display many an evidence of the unerring skill and markmanship of the young and gallant corps. I remarked before, that it is supposed that the love and desire of military distinction is increasing. In corroboration of this, I find it observed in one of their papers, that the American boy, after delightedly firing off his pistol or his miniature cannon, on "Independence Day," or other national anniversaries and festivals, in commemoration of particular events,

rests not now on his budding laurels till he becomes a member of one of these Target Companies. Fired with youthful patriotism, and glowing with a boyish ambition, he desires ardently in some way to distinguish himself among his fellow-striplings; and, once admitted as a member, he strives hard to attain the post of lieutenant or captain among his companions in arms. Subsequently he aspires to join a more regular militia corps; but it is said, there are many instances where their devotion to the Target Company, which originally inspired them with military enthusiasm is so strong, that they will not desert its ranks for those of the most brilliant and best-appointed militia company in New York. There are so many of those enrolled bands, that they and the omnibuses share the honour of filling, and rousing the echoes of busy Broadway.

I hear that some of the best and finest of their organizations are formed out of the fire companies, who thus take upon themselves a twofold responsibility, the protection of the property and lives of the citizens from a most formidable and merciless foe, and the rendering themselves capable of discharging the patriotic duty of crushing any enemy to their institu-

tions that may threaten the country, either domestic or foreign. Nowhere, on the earth, I should think, are such numerous and splendid bodies of firemen; and in no place under the sun, or moon, I honestly think, have they such extensive, incessant, and unlimited practice. And what men in the world ought to make such admirable warriors as firemen? At all times, but especially at the dead hour of midnight, forced to leave their homes at a moment's notice, to start from slumber, after, perhaps, a day of wearying toil and harassing vexations —to confront the direst extremes of cold and heat—to brave the "pitiless pelting" of the storm—to face the raging element, that is their remorseless and tremendous antagonist — to dare almost every imaginable peril without the prospect of reward, or of promotion, or even of renown and glory — they should certainly make heroes, when fame and victory beckon them proudly onward.

They are trained, too, to strict discipline; taught to obey every word of command of their superiors, and to act together in concert, and it may be imagined they would prove gallant candidates for glory in the field. Often the lieutenants and captains of the Target Companies are artisans, labourers, clerks, and mechanics.

The companies elect their officers, and constantly without the least favour—I borrow the expression of an American writer—shown "to class, or rank, or wealth." The man who is most distinguished by these advantages, frequently shoulders his musket as a private; and yet he may most largely subscribe to the company's expenses for yearly "excursions," and other contingencies and needs.

I have already mentioned the number of the electric telegraphs in America. I must just add, that on one particular occasion the New York Herald (on the 5th of January 1848), contained ten closely printed columns of important matter, that had all been received during the preceding evening and night over the wires. The entire length of the electric lines in the United States, which, indeed, bring within speaking limits nearly every portion of this vast Union, is stated on fair authority to be ten thousand, seven hundred and twelve miles, of which three thousand and six hundred miles are traversed by double wires; but while I am writing, more are probably completed. Indeed, if it is not an Irish bull, I should say, that in order to keep pace with what is going on in this indefatigable country, this unparalleled hive of industry and intelligence, you

should go *far a-head;* and if I had boldly said fifteen thousand miles, perhaps I should have been nearer the truth by the time my words are read.

The Americans, from what I hear, are remarkably expert operators on the electric wires,—those slender threads that are, without doubt, charged with the mighty task of revolutionizing and incredibly elevating the intellectual and mental condition of the whole inhabited world.

One of the most charming appendages to New York is the Battery, which is close to Delmonico's Hotel (where we are now staying). It is situated at the commencement of Broadway, that lengthy Mississippi of streets; and it is adorned with a profusion of noble trees, some of very large size, and is laid out in broad gravelled walks, commanding a charming view of the harbour, and its very ornamental islands, of the almost innumerable vessels constantly arriving and departing, and of the adjacent fair shores of New Jersey, and of Staten, and Long Island. There are grass-plats in the Battery, all of which are intersected with paths and walks, and overshadowed by trees, that look like veterans of the primeval forest. It is not a

very fashionable promenade, but this arises probably from its being so far from the fashionable streets and squares of the city.

When the first steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic arrived at New York, the Battery is said to have presented a most heart-stirring and majestic spectacle. The "Sirius" was the name of this precursor of all the magnificent steam Leviathans that have followed in her triumphant path. The moment it was reported that her shadowy flag of smoke was seen floating in the direction of the Narrows, the hundreds of thousands of citizens of New York, aroused and excited to the utmost by the announcement of an event so congenial to their energetic natures and zealous enterprising temperaments, rushed with simultaneous impetuosity to the Battery to greet the triumphant stranger. Instead of the "Sirius" ascending the East river directly to dock, she passed the thronged Battery, as in graceful and grateful acknowledgment of the sympathy and breathless interest shown in her success, and swept grandly past it again, close to the densely-lined shore, while the air was literally rent by the enthusiastic shouts and deafening hurrahs of thousands and thousands of people, proclaiming how a noble victory had been gained

—a victory without bloodshed, or suffering, or loss, or sorrow, to any single being, but of profit and incalculable benefit to the whole race of mankind, and the unborn myriads of the most distant posterity. May these be the victories that in future may blaze with all the pomp of glory, and all the festive splendour of success — victories that, instead of severing nations and people, shall unite them in bands of universal brotherhood!

There is no frowning artillery here to make the Battery agree with its warlike name—no mighty walls, no upheaved mounds. It was once, I believe, applied to the use its name points out, but has been entirely dismantled, and looks the very abode of peace and repose. So in due course of time may all the earth witness one grand disarmament and dismantling of all her warlike strongholds, and Reason and Justice reign paramount!

Speaking of justice, there is one very gloomy-looking building in New York, called "The Hall of Justice." The architecture professes to be Egyptian, and the edifice is built of a rather dark-coloured granite, quarried at Hollowell in Maine. Its architectural ponderous massiveness, combined with the sombre hue of the material, gives the building a truly prison-

like aspect, and has caused it to obtain the *sobriquet* of "The Tombs." It occupies a square, bounded by Centre, Elm, Franklin, and Leonard Streets.

New York, as a whole, strikes one as unlike every city ever beheld before. The cosmopolitanism of her citizens, the extraordinary stir and bustle and tumult of business going on perpetually,—the heterogeneous compounds, and kaleidoscopical varieties presented at every turn, bewilder and surprise the traveller.

Besides the ever-teeming tumultuous Broadway, there is another street that deserves, perhaps, especial mention in any description of New York, and that is the Bowery, a complete business street, which also traverses longitudinally the city. This street has been aptly named the Holborn of the empire city of the West. It runs parallel to Broadway, and changes its title of street for the more rural appellation of "Avenue," when it leaves the town behind it.

I have mentioned the East river, and ought perhaps to add, that it is a continuation of Long Island Sound on the east, uniting it with the estuary of the Hudson, and separating Long Island from New York. It is of scanty width, but deep, and at particular

states of the tide it has a very heavy current. Long Island Sound (or one part of it, I am not quite certain which portion) is called the Hell Gate, which name is a corruption of the old name, Hurl Gate.

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